

# CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1954

1/6

THE FATE OF THE  
SICKLY SQUAW

page 25

THIS BUSINESS  
OF DIVORCE

— page 35

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a periodical





That's because they're bonded together — to give you every ounce of power available, to prevent breakdowns, and to keep engines young. Get all your maintenance from your Atlantic Station. Use the Atlantic Supercar Lubrication system — it's based on pure paraffin-base Atlantic Motor Oil, always on its metal with a smooth, wear-reducing film.



CONTENTS ★ September, 1954

FACT	
DARLING OF THE DUKES	
Peter Hargrave	4
THE COURAGE OF THE LIMP- BOMBS MEN	
Miss Goodlow	8
SUPERNATURAL FORCE	
Lois Lane	21
THE FATE OF THE SILENT SQUAW	
James Hinkley	23
THIS BUSINESS OF DIVORCE	
Alan Raymond	28
THEY FOOLED THE EXPERTS	
Browning Thompson	42
WHOM HE EVER BEAT?	
Ray Mitchell	48
NEW LEVES FOR OLD	
Merna McLean	57
FRATERNAL STEED IN TASMANIA	
Francis Murray	62
CAGNEY UNCLE INFLUENCED HISTORY	
Spencer Loring	66
FICTION	
LOONIE WAS FORGETFUL	
Talmeida Powell	22
THE BIG QUIET FELLOW	
Warner Wood	40
PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE	
Fletcher Flora	54
FOILED BY TIME	
E. C. Marshall	60
FEATURES	
CRIME CAPSULES	1
PICTURE STORIES 17-24, 25-32, 70-71	
FOOTBALL FOR BETTER HEALTH	3
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE HUNTER	
STRANGERS AND STRANGERS	24-25
QUICK QUIFF	2
CARTOONS 14, 22, 24, 28, 32, 40, 47, 52 53, 71	

Names in italics and within other than  
factual are fictions.

[illegible]

**Note:** Distribution, location and total  
of fish

**Abstract**

COLES & STEPHANIAN, PO Box 112, 10000, Denver, Colorado 80201  
 & KATHY O. MARSHALL, 10000, Box 112, 10000, Denver, Colorado 80201  
 & KATHY O. MARSHALL, 10000, Box 112, 10000, Denver, Colorado 80201  
 & KATHY O. MARSHALL, 10000, Box 112, 10000, Denver, Colorado 80201

**Figure 6**

Don't talk about the paid odd jobs until you have read the facts. Jonathan Edwards released some facts in "We're Beginning Suffer!" You'll be surprised! If you are fortunate you are in good company. But it is better to be normal. "Don't Be Normal" is the telling Ray Davies is the author. This book is truly by one who was recently there—Marianne McClellan. Look for "Hollywood On The Tiles". New Williams tells about the time the Sydney Stadium ring collapsed, and James Hollidge comes to light with a paid crime couple. *D'Arcey-Noland* is on his best with a short story, while *Fred* has a short story, another review, television criticism.

# DARLING OF THE DUKE



PETER HARGREAVES

ONE of the most successful publications of all time was the spiky memoirs of a shrewd, dark-eyed little woman named Mary Anne Clark. For this literary effort, turned off in less than a week, the handwriting authorities received £7,000 and a life annuity of £300.

As she lived for another 40 years, the money made her book an incredibly profitable literary venture. Scarcely all is the fact that all this was achieved without the book ever reaching the book-seller Ben. Actually, not one copy of it was ever sold.

Mary Anne received her money not

from selling the book, but destroying it—all 10,000 copies that had been printed. For three days in July, 1810, in the volumes were consigned to the flames, a small of burning paper hung over Salisbury Square, London, where her printer had his shop.

Neighbours complained of the smoke, as they called it. But it was nothing to the smell that would have spread over all England had the lady's revelations of her life, loves and follies been made public.

"Interested parties," it was said, provided the cash for the payment to Mary Anne Clarke. They complained

a numerous and representative gathering of the rich and aristocratic young bloods and the wicked and aged men of the day — from the Duke of York, second son of King George III, down to army officers of rank as humble as captain.

Mary Anne's original was murky and doubtful. She is believed to have been born in spital Road and Pin Alley, near London's Chancery Lane, in 1734.

Her father, whose name was Thompson, died soon after Mary's birth. She was brought up as the daughter of a composer named Farquhar, whom her mother married after Thompson's death.

By the time she was 18, Mary Anne caught the eye of Thomas Day, son of the printer who employed her step-father. He wrote poetry to her, sent her to a boarding school, and fathered the two illegitimate children she bore before she was 22.

Day did not have matrimony in view. Accordingly, Mary Anne deceived him for a time—named Daniel Clarke, who died. They were married in 1784. Clarke assumed responsibility for Day's two children and mothered him to Mary Anne by himself.

Clarke did not last long. A drunkard and a wastrel, he was sent away by his wife.

Mary Anne became the mistress of a huxton-harrier, Mr. James Broadwell. He installed her in a fine country house in Wiltshire, but his description in his career soon reckoned her of him. Mr. James was left in his house — with her three children, whom he had adopted — and Mary Anne returned to London. A succession of profitable affairs followed—with the rank and wealth of her admirers rapidly fading.

She thought she had reached the pinnacle of her career with her fifth (some authorities say her sixth) pro-

jector. He was wealthy for Charles Stiles, who set her up in a mansion in London's exclusive Park Lane.

However, fate had an even higher honour for this courtship. In 1809 she set the seal on her success with the capture of a royal Duke—no less than his Highness, Prince Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, favourite son of George III, and brother of the Prince Regent.

For the love of the handsome adventurer (whom he "picked up" while promenading at a fashionable beach resort), the Duke was prepared to forsake his faithful, blonde wife, Fredericka, the eldest daughter of William II of Prussia and niece of Frederick the Great.

Although they shared the same roof, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess ceased to be such in anything but name soon after dull and tongue-tied Frederick fell under the spell of the vivacious, witty and experienced Mary Anne Clarke.

Frederick — an incurable rake, a confirmed drinkard and an inveterate gambler—paid Mary Anne an income of £1,000 a year. He even promised her an income of £400 a year as a "retiring pension", when his wandering eye should eventually settle on a new and younger chamber.

On her income and other sums she received from her royal lover, Mrs. Clarke lived at a rate of extravagant expense. She had a town house in Gloucester Place and a country retreat at Weybridge.

She kept 10 horses for her two carriages and employed a staff of 20. Her kitchen alone cost £2,000 to install. Her plate had once belonged to the Duc de Berry; her white gloves cost two guineas; she thought nothing of paying £300 for a chamberlain.

The Duke of York was crazy about her. When apart he wrote her love notes — addressed to "the lovely chamber of my soul", "my dear lady

angel", "my sweetest, darling love". All repeated his sacking longing to "return to my love's own white, delicate, encompassing arms".

Mary Anne, for her part, enjoyed the luxury he provided. But she could find no inspiration in Frederick as a lover. He was 40, bulky and clumsy, possessed of long political legs, and so disinterested that she had to provide him with a constant supply of stories, gossips and opinions to read to his dinner guests.

Consequently, Mary Anne looked elsewhere to find a medium of pleasure as well as duty in her love life. She found it with a number of noted bucks who took her fancy—Lord Falkland, Colonel Gaspard Wurdle and Captain Gusham Gensow.

After about three years, Frederick's undour began to cool—either because of rumors he heard about his wife or because of his own attraction to the charms of a certain Mrs. Cary. The time had come, he decided, to give Mary Anne as the "retired" pension of £100. His mistress took the news calmly.

She set up business with a special office in London, staffed by her footman, for the purpose of selling commissions in the army.

Her trafficking in army commissions became so extensive that the even installed in her office a notice listing her price schedule. The rates were: £600 for a major, £700 for a captain, £480 for a lieutenant and £300 for an ensign.

At the time, the sale of commissions was a recognized practice. It was condoned by Frederick, Duke of York, as part of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The cash, however, was supposed to go to the Half-Way Fund, for the benefit of army widows and orphans. The official rates were much smaller than

Mary Anne's. They ranged from a substantial £2000 for a major to £500 for an ensign.

Of course, when Mrs. Clarke sold a commission, she still had to obtain Frederick's signature on the necessary documents. But she still held influence with her former lover and thus obtained his signature. The Duke either did not know what he was signing, or did not want to know. Any money that Mary Anne was able to make meant that her demands on him were to much less. Later, apparently realizing what a good thing she was on, he fell behind with payment of her promised £100 a year.

All went well until 1829. Then one of Mary Anne's admirers, Colonel Wurdle (a staunch friend and supporter of Edward, Duke of Kent, Frederick's younger brother and virtual enemy), conceived the idea of using her trafficking in army commissions as a weapon against the Duke of York.

A proposition was put to Mary Anne Clarke. When the offer rose to a tempting level (£3,000 in cash, the settlement of all her debts and the complete re-furnishing of her house), she cheerfully agreed to double-cross her former reptile lover.

On January 27, Wurdle, Radical member for Goldsmith, rose in the House of Commons and denounced the Duke of York for his corruption and abuse of his position as Commander-in-Chief.

The scandal reverberated through England. A Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was ordered. It sat for seven weeks, and Mary Anne, the Duke's one-time darling, was the star of the show.

In elegant bonnets and gowns, she appeared day after day and captured with her speech, wit and charm both the 40 members of the House

and the crowds who streamed the galleries.

Nothing disturbed her. She admitted the sale of commissions and honestly detailed her losses. She read some of the hapless Frederick's letters, and the juicy details of those affairs were handed from one end of London to the other.

Children in the streets teasing passers began calling "Duke or Darling", and of "Hocks or Tails". Mary Anne was deluged with profitable invitations.

However, the inquiry was not so much concerned with the precedents of Mary Anne Clarke as to whether the Duke of York had been personally involved in the grafting. Mindful of ensuring the ladies she had seduced from his grasp, his former mistress did her best to damn him.

"His Highness told me that if I was clever I should never want for money," was one of the dy little snides she contrived to insert in the evidence.

That the Duke of York had known what was going on seems almost certain. However, his counsel skillfully turned the possibility that Mary Anne, "a woman scorned", was seeking revenge.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 176 to 106, censured the Duke of Mann in the affair. The public, however, were not so easily misled.

The weight of their adverse opinion forced his resignation as Commander-in-Chief.

Mary Anne Clarke was still eager to turn a dishonest penny for herself. The following year, she took up her pen and wrote the whole story of her life.

Mary made hearts fluttered apprehensively at the tidings. A woman was bold of the "moralized parties". Word was conveyed of her handmaiden offer for its suppression.

Mrs. Clarke did not beguile. As soon as the money was in her banking books, and she was satisfied that payment of the life annuity of £100 was assured, she ordered the printer to burn every copy of the book.

She received more cash from the Duke of York three years later for the return of his unsparing letters.

In 1814, her money-hunger brought her into contempt in the fashionable world, she left England for the Continent. She was 40, but still attractive and financially secure.

She settled in Paris, where she became an "institution" with visiting English taken eager for her without the possibility of gossip. At 50 she was still able to capture a powerful peer (Lord Londonderry) for a lover.

Mary Anne Clarke lived on into her 70's. She died in Boulogne on June 21, 1832. As one historian has said "She died as she had been born, not by any standards a lady."

Deported by her husband for Mary Anne.



# THE COURAGE OF THE LIMPET-BOMB MEN



It was a suicide job the Royal Marines had to do but they meant to do it if it cost their lives.

BYNTS BRADSHAW

THERE was a war, remember? And out of the wall of its evil years came a host of stories of incredible adventure, tremendous courage and great heroism. Some are forgotten; some will never be known. They're not in the official archives, not in the newspaper files; they are unrecorded. They're no more than somebody's memories, or hearsay tales from the tongues of strangers. You pick them up on the train ride to Gaiters, in a Sussex Secret pub, on the banks of the Ditching, in the block down the

lane—anywhere where men gather to talk.

This is not true of the epic limpet-bomb men — they and their deeds have been written into history — but it could well be, for these men and their achievements have taken on the unusual quality of folklore, the significance of storybook tradition.

There was only a small handful of them, and their names do not matter.

It was the third year of the struggle, and the French was posing a solid problem. France was in Nazi

hands, and fast cargo boats were hauling the Allied blockade to stranded tons of thousands of tons of material at the port of Bordeaux to Japan and emerge the German war machine. The Allies could not spare bombing planes, and the cargo ships could sustain any submarine. Yet something had to be done.

Military and naval chiefs had offered suggestions and devised methods, but none seemed practicable. Then one day a Royal Marine officer, Captain H. G. Hader, sought an audience with Lord Louis Mountbatten, chief of Combined Operations. Speak bluntly, Hader told, small motor boats were the only answer to the problem, and went on to detail his plan. Mountbatten frowned intensely, thought for several minutes, then accepted the fantastic idea.

"We can only get it a try, anyway," he said.

It might have been the remark of a desperate man. Those in the know considered it a foolhardy scheme doomed from the start; others thought it had a more fitting place in the imaginative savings of Jules Verne.

Hader was placed in charge of the expedition, which was known as Operation Frankton, and he went to work promptly and ruthlessly. He picked thirty men. For the most part they were small, weedy men, deliberately chosen because they were the kind whom life had kicked around enough to develop in them the courage and the will to see a job through. Some of them couldn't swim; some didn't even know one end of a canoe from another.

The training they underwent at Portsmouth Naval Base was so tough it made the maneuvers of canoeists seem like fun and frolic. They learned how to paddle silently. They were shown how to climb back into a canoe without opening it,

This had to be done in pitch blackness, in heavy seas, in short and storm. They were weighted at the hips with lead belts and compelled to submerge themselves; through a tube clamped between their teeth passed oxygen from a submarine oxygen consumption. They practiced mock maneuvers along the heavily-guarded entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. All the time Hader resolutely worked out the future. After six months of this grueling training he had his men and he was ready to strike.

It was on December 1, on a submarine at sea, that the men learned for the first time where they were going and what they had to do. Hader explained that there would be no submarine waiting for them after they completed their task. The instruction lay with them. Know the canoes, he told them, and get to Spain across France. The French underground would help.

The submarine surfaced off the mouth of the Gironde six days later. The ten submarines lined up. Their heads and faces were blackened, their Royal Marine uniforms mottled in camouflage. Adeptly, they dropped their special-type collapsible canoes overboard and followed. The canoes were named Catfish, Cockfish, Cattlefish, Conger and Greyfish. Two men went to a boat, and each man was armed with a Colt pistol, a command knife, a grenade, and a block whistle, which made a gull-like sound. In the boats were limpet bombs, mines, compass, spare paddles, a rubber and Sea gun fitted with a silencer.

These were the soldiers of the cockleboats, and their orders were to enter Bordeaux Harbour on a mission of destruction.

The night was freezing. Water slopped lily into the boats as they approached the entrance to the estuary. Spray crystallized on the kry-

live decks. The first ladder was the life-line. It was swift and turbulent. Four boats crossed at Canby's was lost.

In the canopy itself another telephone commenced Cough.

Hader, in Canby, saw the faces of the floating half-frauds men.

"There's no hope of taking you aboard," he called.

"Never mind us. Go on."

"Get a grip of Canby," Hader commanded. "Hang on."

While they clung to the little boat, Hader and his men Sparkes paddled it shorewards. They got no within a hundred yards of the beach when Hader turned to the men and said: "We'll have to leave you now."

The three boats went on, swiftly, silently. In the swarming beam from the lighthouse, Hader saw the terrified faces. He saw something else, too—something that made him stir a sharp call. There were four patrol vessels. He had been told there would be only one. There was nothing to do but go on.

Decisively, he got his cockpit between the first patrol ship and the men. Crafty followed. They looked back. There was no sign of Canby. The cry of gulls came from the whistles. There was no response.

Two boats left and four men, and the job still ahead of them.

When dawn came the men anchored themselves on a small island. They hid their canoes in the brush, and under camouflage among three ships while Hader watched. He woke them. There was the sound of voices. They saw thirty French fishermen around a cigarette eating breakfast.

Hader gave an order, and while the three men covered him with Ben guns he approached the party.

They greeted one another, and Hader said: "Where are we?"

"You are on the edge of a fishing settlement."

"Did you see any submarines about here?"

"No, we have not seen any."

"There are none, and they have a real job to do. It would be too bad if they were caught."

"The French can keep a secret," one of the fishermen said.

Hader was startled. All day the Murrens stayed there, not without anxiety, for not two hundred yards away a gang of German soldiers were working on a dike. Hader and his men prayed for night to come with no discovery. They were lucky. As noon as it was dark enough, they went on, but next morning when Hader went ashore, looking for another hiding place, he stumbled on to a Mad school station. The entry was asleep. What incredible good fortune. It would most certainly have been the end of him. He sneaked back and the men spent the rest of the day under camouflage nets in their canoes.

Two nights and a day later Hader and his men were waiting hidden in tall reeds near the harbor of Bordeaux. The daylight dragged away and night edged like smoke into the sky. Remembering the security of the stronghold, the harbor lights flashed on with all their passionate brilliance. Ships were being hoisted unloaded. Men moved silently. Whistles needed. Mustard clouds lumps fit up the noses.

Nobody suspected that there was danger around, waiting, waiting.

Hader and his men had to avoid the highest water. They drifted past boats, creeping on the tide while they reconnoitered.

"Okay, men," Hader said, "This is it."

He gave the order to fire lamps. The men took sixteen boats and set them to go off in nine boats. Then they shook hands, and the two boats parted.

"There's our baby," Hader nodded, and Sparkes looked at a ship heaving with cargo, low in the water.

He guessed: "It's a short one, sir."

Slowly, they drifted towards the prize. Hader fired the lamp on a long pole and moved at quick underwater. He waited for the pull. It came. He felt the vessel's steel side grasp and tug at the lamp's powerful magnet and held it firm like a lethal hand on the water line. He fired three lamps altogether, one under the bow, one under the stern and one under the engine-room skylight.

They crept on to the next ship, and working with amazing skill and in utter silence fired two lamps. Suddenly, just as they had completed the task, a flash of light lit the water. Sparkes and Hader froze. The entry was held up during his torch on them. Supposing a herd of bulls to tear into their bodies they waited, swallowing their spit. The light disappeared.

What did that entry think he saw, wondered Hader. How did the camouflage canoe, with its hooded and black-headed, black-faced figures appear to him? The entry couldn't have been certain what he saw, if he saw anything, but Hader heard him walking the deck in time with the edging drift of their boat alongside. They waited twenty minutes under the overhang of the stern then drifted on to the next ship.

This ship lay alongside another. Hader took a chance and went through the line between the two ships. It was just a dash of spine between tall walls of steel. Unexpectably, the men brought the ships together. Sparkes thrust out with the paddle, just among them from being crushed to death.

A tanker, another cargo ship, and

## WOMAN AND MAN

How unreliable women are—  
They stand you up and let  
you down,  
Whether they come from  
near or far—  
From city, bush, or country  
town,  
They put your head in a  
whirl—  
What burdens men must  
carry!  
Still, he must wed some  
girl—  
What else is there to  
marry?

—RAY-NE

the task was finished. They were on their way out to the open sea. There was a splash in the darkness. Sparkes and Hader lifted their chin. In a minute, to their amazement, the Crafty came alongside. His crew reported that they had two ships in the bag. That meant six of the twelve blockade runners—the other six were at sea—were dogged, provided all went well.

The men searched their stores, and in keeping with the escape plan, went off in pairs. Helped, as prearranged, by the French underground, Hader and Sparkes went across the Pyrenees to Spain, thence Gibraltar, arriving in London five months after that grim night's work.

They had to wait until after the war to learn that the Crafty crew had been captured by the Germans and shot, along with five other members of the expedition. The tenth man was drowned. But they had to wait only a few hours to learn that Operation Pantheon had been completely successful—the six enemy ships had been sunk.



## **LONNIE WAS FORGETFUL**



Lonnie was a very forgetful boy; he might take days to get the pattern and the caption might be—  
of wounds or hangar.

F I C T I O N

COBB and Lonnie found the body in the pillowcase tucked. As they came upon it, an obscene vulgarity reared its head, it's head dripping.

"Bummed!" Lon said. Cobb tried to keep the pale, thin boy back, but Lon darted forward and pulled a post-mortem on the awkward blood wheeled up, wings creaking and clapping in the smoky air. With a guttural cry of rage, Lon flung up his arm. The plane knot dropped the bird's head sharply and it toppled heavily almost at the feet of the panting boy.

Cobb had hardly been aware of Lon's killing of the buzzard. He couldn't drag his eyes from the body

the lifter had left in the vulgarity on the bank of the sluggish Everglades creek. The lifter had dropped the body of every means of stolid action, but the dirty birds had left enough on the fine young frame of bones to show Cobb it was his eldest son, Brad.

He forced himself to stand quietly as the roiling heart, his twelfth-grade shogun on the coast of his arm. Agony burned through him like heat. He had known something was wrong when Brad had come running home, not frightened, but right-lipped and determined. He had pleaded with Brad, but Brad wouldn't talk much about it, even

when the hot water, Ed Slattery, and his worried companion, Miss Kogon, had shown up at the farm. Trouble, bad trouble, had followed Brad home, and now the boy lay dead—left him an unusual career in the war and the vulgarity.

Cobb worked, sweating and silent, digging a grave as deeply as he could in the soggy mud. Once he looked up through blurred eyes and saw Lonnie dragging the dead vulgarity toward the grave. Not a butterfly to chase this time. Something new for Lonnie. A wave of confusion swept but through Cobb. "Throw the thing away, Lon," he said.

Lonnie lowered and dropped the bird, came away from it, although his eyes creased it across his shoulder. Lon looked up, his eyes bright. He nodded to Cobb. "Thanks!" Lon said.

Cobb moved. He stared at the place where Lon pointed. If there was deception they were too faint for Cobb's strained eyes.

He looked at the upturned mud that told him nothing. But the excitement in Lon's pale eyes communicated itself to him and he felt his blood running hot.

"Follow them, Lon!"

Lon ran about in the grass and pineapples as Cobb watched him. The boy ran out north along the creek and, the tone of urgency strong over the gun in him, Cobb followed.

Soon Cobb saw that Lon had forgotten. The boy was playing with a stick in the creek. Choking his gun against his side, Cobb said gently, "The tracks, Lonnie."

Lonnie grunted and bobbed his head. Cobb had always been obliged to let the boy wander, days at a time, in the hot, silent stretches of the glades. Lonnie wandered despite all Cobb could do about it. Lonnie was happy, and that's what counted in

Cobb's book. Neighbors used to chase him the boy and watched out for him, and he always came home about the time Cobb was calculating something for him for Lonnie always eventually remembered where he lived, what he was about.

Cobb figured it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they came to Ed Slattery's mark farm. When they reached a mangrove thicket, Lon came running back to Cobb.

"They hid in the mangrove."

"Good boy, Lonnie."

Slipping his arm about his son's shoulder, Cobb could feel the bone-arms under the sweaty skin. "The right word of you, boy. Will you go home now? Straight home?"

"Sure make," Lonnie said, pleased at his father's appreciation.

Cobb watched Lonnie hurry off across the flat. It was a long way, and there'd be no one to remind Lonnie. He might not be home for days, but at least out there in the land Lonnie knew so well, the boy was safe than he would be here.

In a crouch, Cobb moved out of the hiding mangroves. He pushed the entry off his heavy shogun as he ran across the deep black furrows of plowed ground toward Slattery's shack.

Outside the window, Cobb held his breath and listened.

He heard Slattery's thick, bleated voice from the dining table. "I told you so being me never to eat."

Cobb remembered the way the man had inspired him. Slattery's hunger was psychopathic, relentless, far beyond the needs even of his great bulk. He had to be eating, eating all the time.

Feeling himself up to window level, Cobb peered into the grey room. Slattery was like a mound of grease at the table, with Vera Bridger gone, defiant and frightened be-

lean him. Ragger, thin and deadly, the fat man's stickback, had a .38 laid on the table. He was watching Cal Dradger, who was like a compressed spring on a swivel chair against the wall.

Cobb thrust the gun into the room ahead of him.

Ragger snapped the .38 around at Cobb's came through the window.

Without even aiming, Cobb pressed off the first trigger. The big double-barrel blasted fire, Ragger screamed. The .38 thumped on the floor, and everybody in the room stared at the ragged man Ragger now was at the end of his right sleeve.

"I reckon," Cobb said, "you'd better tell me about the killing of my

boy Bead if you ever hope to save that hand."

"You got us wrong," Ragger said, his face, his whole body, shaking.

"I got you dead to rights," Cobb corrected. "Bead left with you. You killed him because you're a pair of big city syphonic killers. I know he was mixed up with you and that he crossed you. That means a killing in your book, don't it?"

"You can't prove a thing," Stoney whispered.

"I'll prove plenty," Cobb said. "When you gunned my boy, you figured a quick run back to your kind of civilization."

"But the mischiefed trapped you, wrecked your car, left you alone. And Ragger here is going to tell me about

how it happened, ain't you, Ragger?"

Cobb waited, cold and implacable. The silence in the shack echoed the wheezing of Ragger's breathing. "There's your life hanging up Dradger's door," Cobb reminded, almost gently. "You'd better admit I've guessed this whole thing right."

"It wasn't my idea," Ragger's voice was a muffled scream. "Stoney lured it all."

"All right," Cobb said. "Min Dradger, get some iodine and we'll see if we can keep him from dying of blood poisoning or bleeding to death."

Stoney handed his thick-fisted hand for Ragger as Cal Dradger's wife dashed iodine. Ragger screamed as the raw medicine hit the wound. The woman wheeled but banged the wheel suddenly.

Then Cobb prodded the pair ahead of him across Dradger's clearing. In twenty minutes Ragger was staggering. The fat man mumbled a hope that Ragger would die. Cobb's pecking gun kept Ragger going.

Ragger fell twice before they crossed the bare sand to Cobb's empty warehouse.

The corrupted fat man of the warehouse reflected the last rays of the afternoon sun. Cobb called for Louie, but there was no answer. The boy had forgotten. He was probably playing some game of his own in the streets.

"All right," Cobb said then. "Inside."

Stoney waddled in and Cobb shoved Ragger after him. Ragger stumbled on the floor, and lay panting against the gray boards.

Across the yard, Cobb recognized Louie's sniffling shuffle. Cobb smiled with relief, and then his face blanched.

Louie was dragging the vulture he'd killed beside Bead's grave.

Cobb kept his voice gentle. "I want

you to go for the police, Louie. Will you do that for me?"

"Sure, mister!" Raggily, Louie bobbed his head. He dropped the buzzard at his father's feet and paced bare-shouldered across the yard. But Cobb saw the boy had already dozed before he reached the line of trees down by the road.

Stoney wiped away the sweat and looked about the narrow, dark oven of a room. "How long will it take him?" he whined.

Cobb looked up at him. "Louie's memory ain't good," Cobb replied. "It might take a day of he don't forget. It might take a week—"

"A week!" Ragger wailed from the door.

"Louie's a good boy, and he'll get there," Cobb said. "Anyhow, I can't go. He's all I got to send. You men might dig out, with me gone."

In his face was invitation for either of them to try to dig out while he sat there, waiting with his shotgun.

Ragger slumped against the floor and wept. Finally, he lifted his head.

"Water?" he murmured. "What'll give us water?"

"I'll get you water."

Stoney's face was a melting mass of fat. His glaucous mouth worked. He dragged a thick wet tongue across his mouth.

"And food," he wheedled. "I take a lot of food."

Cobb's hand lightened on the door. "I don't shoot dead," he replied. His eyes rested on the patterned vulture in the yard. A sudden change worked across his face, turning it to ice. He picked up the vulture, and with revulsion strong in his features, he backbowed it into the warehouse.

His face lifted, and his shoulders went back. "I'll see if I can teach you a little," he said.

And Cobb slammed the solid warehouse door.



"This is?"



# Crime Capsules

## A.W.L.

A burglary at Leoben, Austria, was traced to a group of prisoners in the local goal. They were in the habit of breaking out nightly, meeting their wives and families and returning to goal before dawn. All the members of home with no need to pay.

## SWINDLER

Whisper Wright, although always Wright, was not on the right side of the law. He has become known as one of the biggest swindlers in the history of England. Between 1858 and 1893 he forced 42 "gold mining companies in Australia" and made millions of pounds. By inducing members of the nobility to become stockholders and directors and by duping them with falsified financial statements, Wright built a vast and highly profitable empire—on paper. When it collapsed, \$1 per cent. of its \$20,000,000 capitalization was found to be water. Upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, Wright swallowed capsule of potassium and died before he could be removed from the court room.

## LABELS

Men and women convicted of a

crime in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the early 1700s were flogged or made to serve time in goal or in the stocks. Then they were subjected to another punishment; for a certain period they had to bear, on the sleeve or chest, a large letter cut from a scarlet cloth. Besides branding the person as a criminal, the letter indicated the type of crime committed, just as the letter L on a car denotes that the driver is a lunatic. For example, A stood for adultery, B for blasphemy, D for drunkenness, F for forgery, I for incest, P for poisoning, R for rape, T for theft. However, the law was an inflexible that it was repeated after a short time.

## WOMEN

Judge Richard Anna of Chicago, attacked women jurors recently. He said they had returned ridiculous verdicts. He further stated that it was a civic duty for all men to serve on juries when summoned. He was quoted: "It's amazing to me that 12 women could agree on anything."

Well now, that judge may have something. Maybe he had had experience before of women's meetings.

STAR

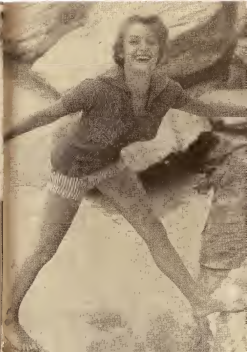


WITH  
STRIPES



Fat undisturbed herself from the rocks and sat on the stone wall of the dam. Fat is one of our top models and here you can see why. Those stripes are attention, aren't they?

What's the matter, Fat—afraid to get your feet wet? "No," she laughs, "but you know the old saying, 'will makes run deep.' Besides, I don't want to get my stripes wet."





"How did I know?"

## SUPERNATURAL FORCE

LORIS LAIDLAW



FOR the past 120 years the walls of many of the more superstitious inhabitants of the British island of Barbados have considered a request that they not be interred "in the haunted vault".

Those wishes are given the utmost respect by the Barbadian authorities because some of the world's foremost investigators of psychic phenomena have been baffled by the events surrounding the eerie work in the churchyard of Christ Church, overlooking St. Austin's Bay.

The vault was sealed in the 1830's by an the inscription reads: the "wretched widow (sic Elizabeth Wehrand) of the Hon. James Elliot who was snatched away from us the 14th day of May, Anno Domini 1724." But curiously enough, the first recorded interment there was that of Mrs. Thomazine Goddard, in 1807. Sir J. E. Alexander reported in 1823 in his TRANSMATLANTIC SKETCHES one of the curious happenings after this first coffin was placed there.

After Mrs. Goddard's coffin was put in position two others were deposited there, one in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase, and another in 1812, Miss D. Chase. Everything was in order in the vault when those coffins were placed there. But when, later in 1812, it was opened to receive the body of the Hon. T. Chase, the other

No matter how the coffins were placed in the vault they were moved. There was no sign of human interference.

three coffins were found in a confined space, crumpled on their sides, or upside down. They were put right and the vault again sealed. But when later it was opened to take the body of an infant, the coffins, of heavy lead, except that of Mrs. Goddard, were shoven around the floor. Such was the case again in 1818 when a Mr. Brewster died and once more in 1819 when a Mr. Clarke was placed there. There was no apparent answer to the problem and after publication of the report in England, it attracted the attention of some great minds, among whom was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a born investigator of phenomena of this type.

But after many years of research, they were all forced to admit that it was the work of some supernatural force of which no one knew anything.

Many theories were advanced attempting to account for the movement of the coffin by some purely natural energy. Among these was that they were moved by earthquakes. But there were no vibrations recorded in the particular period which would move heavy coffins. And it was only in this particular vault that the coffins had been moved. In the others in the churchyard, everything was as it should have been.

Some said that the vault was periodically flooded and that the coffins floated. But this was not possible as it was on the top of a hill and the floor was only two feet below ground level.

A case of a floating London coffin was reported in the London Evening post of May 24, 1781. It told of how the captain of a German ship picked up a floating coffin as he six weeks after it had been buried, at low tide, in the Goodwin Sands.

Swearing of the tide had uncovered it and its slight buoyancy had taken it to the surface. But this theory is regarded as the Barbados vault is not

feasible — the vault is too shallow.

Another theory was that someone entered the vault and moved the coffins. This was dismissed because on each occasion after the first discovery the entrance, closed by a large slab of blue Devon marble, requiring seven men to move it, had been sealed securely and stamped by various government officials. And others had also been stationed on the floor so that it would reveal any footprints. But there were never any signs of an intruder or intruders. The walls, roof and floor were searched for secret passages, but none found.

Lord Connaught was Governor of Barbados in 1828 when the case of the moving coffins came to a head and had, indeed, succeeded as well and truly stating the case out of most of the island's population. Connaught was a man of valour—he had fought with Wellington through the Peninsula War — and was not one to take spirits or anything put down to them seriously unless there was something to it. But after apparently finding the vault, with his passage seals unbroken on the entrance, in a state of confusion, he ordered the seven coffins to then contained to be removed.

He publicly announced that he was convinced there was no trickery and that the case was above his power as Governor or man to solve.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, after spending a great amount of time inspecting the vault and working on possible theories, finally came forward with three rather fantastic "possible" causes of the phenomena. The first was that the movements were the result of forces unknown which caused the more speedy decomposition of the bodies. He claimed that this explained the particular violence shown against the coffins with the lead casket, while the wooden one of Mrs.

Goddard was left unscathed on all occasions. He pointed out that eventually the desired result was obtained when the coffins were buried elsewhere, after 1829.

Secondly he believed it possible that the physical force necessary to move the coffins was derived in some manner from the "effluvia" of the overworked Negroes who were employed in carrying the coffins into the vault. This "effluvia" was necessarily retained in the confined space of the hermetically sealed vault, he said.

Thirdly, he stated that the disturbances could have been facilitated or even occasioned by the presence in the vault of the corpses of two persons who had committed suicide. "There is some evidence," he said, "that when a life has been cut down before it has reached the God-appointed term, whether the cause be murder or suicide . . . there remains a store of unused vitality which may, under the circumstances are favourable, work itself off in capricious and irregular ways. This, I admit, is a speculative theory, but it has been fostered on my mind by many considerations . . ."

Thomas and David Chase died by their own hands, the daughter having starved herself to death owing to her father's cruelty.

Doyle claimed that the effluvia was used by the spirits of the corpses in the same manner as a spiritistic man uses medium to communicate with the souls of corpses.

His third theory was supported by many, refuted by many more. Dozens of investigators into the supernatural came forward and claimed that psychic phenomena were almost invariably connected in some way with people of strong emotions who had met with a premature or violent death.

Yet another theory, in spite of the

A postman in England, who covered his route on foot, always cut through the paddocks from one village to the next. One day a stranger came home running across a paddock with a bull at his heels. The postman reached the fence and threw himself over, just beating the bull's horns. The stranger looked at him as he sat gasping and said: "He almost got you that time." The postman's blood was running and answered: "He almost gets me every time."

evidence to prove that no one could possibly have entered the vault during the period of the disturbances, was that the Negro slaves of Thomas Chase entered in this strange on their ruthless master. Who ever heard of a superstitious Negro entering a burial vault, as it would necessarily have been, at night? In any case the coffins were intact and no attempts had been made to open them.

But no one yet has been able to put forward a theory even verging on the credible, by the standards of logic as we know it.

Parallel cases of coffins being disturbed in vaults have been recorded but they have either been put down to vandalism or the flooding of the chambers.

An interesting instance is that which happened at Arensburg, on the island of Corsica, in the latter part of 1844. A peasant woman, visiting the grave of a relative, found up her home in the cemetery calling near the vault of the Buonconsiglio family, which

continued about a dozen coffins. When she returned, she found her home in a state of collapse. She reported that last nothing was done about it until a month or so later when the same thing happened to a group of houses suffered in about the same position. The vault was opened and the coffins, also of lead, were found scattered all over the floor. Possessions were taken under to those of the Barbados case and goods were placed on the altar after order had been restored. Three days later an Inquest revealed the same cause. None of the doctors could advance any ideas which took into account the actions of the houses outside the vault.

The Barbados case is so similar to that of the Barbados vault that investigators have found themselves perplexed and possibly no true explanation will ever be forthcoming, except the vague thing of some supernatural force. All the natural

causes possible have been exhausted and they are left up against a brick wall.

But whatever we may think of the truth of the almost innumerable cases of supernatural phenomena, it is undeniable that above all seems to stand an apparent link—the incidents are connected with persons of strong emotions and passionate and violent death. This supports to some extent the idea of the presence of the two soldiers in the Barbados vault but something to do with the disturbances there.

And there is another thing which some people may think has a bearing on the apparent spiritual phenomena hovering about the Barbados vault—the nearby church was destroyed by a hurricane in 1831, 13 years after the coffins were removed from the vault. Another church was built there in 1838 but just 140 years later it was burned to the ground. It has been replaced by another.



"Dear, why don't you read the paper at breakfast, like other husbands?"



JAMES HOULIDGE

The death hit hardest until the diagnosis told two men to bring in the chief and medicine men.

PICKQUAN, medicine man of the Salween tribe of Red Indians was worried. A horrible, consuming fire gripped every man and woman in the tribe.

Camped at their winter hunting grounds at Sandy Lake in the far northern territory of Canada's Hudson Bay Company, the young braves slouched in their buckskin lodges or sat on their oily upturning campfires. They were afraid to leave the camp, the protection of the tribe; they were afraid to venture forth and hunt the moose and game on which the tribe depended for food. The winter of 1926 was approaching, Starvation loomed the Salween.

The cause of this famine of fear lay on a spruce bed in a lodge not

apart from the others. Her name was Sap-wah-to. She had been tall, supple, beautiful. Now her body was gaunt and emaciated from illness and lack of nourishment. Racked with fever, she screamed and raved in delirium.

Only six months before, in the spring, she had been the shy and innocent 18-year-old bride of Pickquan's own son. Many had sought the lovers of the lonely Sap-wah-to. All had been repulsed until she was ready to let the man of her choice lead her to his father's wigwam.

Now all was changed. Sap-wah-to had become sick. As sick, in the eyes of the Salween, as she was illiterate, unclean, a thing to be shunned and left in a lonely buck lodge without care, attention or enough food to maintain life.

# THE FATE OF THE SICKLY SQUAW

Even her grief-stricken husband listened to the warnings of Pongquan and left her alone. The medicine man had decided that the sick woman was possessed of evil spirits. He ordered everyone to keep away from her. At any moment, she might turn "Weyshigo", or crazed, and become the first person she got her hands on.

For days the medicine men had tried to combat the evil spirits. He howled, danced and beat rattles near her body, hoping that the evil would drive them away. It had been so long since Sap-wa-ah was still possessed with fever.

The unusual color of the robe, 70-year-old Pongquan was the high priest of the spirits the Indians worshipped in the moon and forest round them. With his powwows, or medicine bag, and offerings of tobacco, deer and food, he tried to appease the other evil spirits (or ancestors) whom the Indians feared.

But something had apparently gone wrong. The offerings could not have been satisfactory lately. The medicine had when possession of Sap-wa-ah, his own daughter-in-law.

To the pagan mind of Pongquan, there was only one course if the tribe was to be saved—from the disease of the evil spirits spreading to others and from the danger of wholesale death by starvation.

Pongquan ordered the young chief of the Salween, Minshahnew, to call a council of the headmen of the tribe. He announced to them that Sap-wa-ah must die to propitiate the evil spirits.

The headmen realized the danger. The merciless winter was at hand. Instead of hiding fearfully in their lodges, all the men of the tribe should be out hunting food for the long months ahead. Nevertheless, they did not want to kill the lovely Sap-wa-ah.

Pongquan was ordered to make one last effort to call up his own good spirits to drive out the malignant, molesting the sick woman.

The medicine man entered to the depths of the forest and built his own "cha-ah-han", or medicine lodge, of poles and skins. Around it, as spectators, crouched the whole tribe—the better to hear and frightened, the women clattering paposes and hiding their hands and faces with shawls.

Before the single small opening left in the side of the medicine lodge, there appeared Pongquan's appearance. With a low tone, he began the ceremony, lightly reaching it to attract his patients' good spirits.

Pongquan then came up, carrying a length of rope. With it his feet were tied and his hands bound behind his back. The apprentice placed a rattle in the medicine man's hands. He walked into the lodge. The opening was closed behind him.

All that day and the following night, Pongquan remained in the medicine lodge, trying to invoke his spirits. All the while, the pulsing rhythm of his apprentice's con-tone poured forth outside. The medicine man's voice, and rattle, could be heard keeping time to the con-tone.

Suddenly all was still and quiet. The spirits had arrived.

Then the voice of Pongquan could be heard. He was talking with them, but in a language the Indians did not understand. Apparently from the sky outside came an answer. It was a thin, frightening wail, but it apparently made conversation with the medicine man. Questions were asked and answered.

Finally the ghostly wail ceased. Dawn was breaking over the scene as Pongquan—his eyes staring as in a trance, his body hunched in perspiration, his arms and legs free—emerged from the lodge. Gentle hands helped him to a couch of brush. Squares

bedded his face and washed him until he was strong enough to stand.

Then to the assembled tribe he announced that the ceremony had failed. His spirits regretted they were unable to free Sap-wa-ah from the evil malignant possessing her.

There was no alternative now but death for the stricken Sap-wa-ah.

Pongquan hunted himself with incense and secret rites for some hours. Then he called on Chief his apprentice to select two braves to smite him.

While the chief scoured the camp to choose from his covering followers two men, Pongquan entered the wigwam of Sap-wa-ah. From two small holes appeared in opposite walls of the bunk covering. Through them a star cord was pushed and dangled down to the ground.

Minshahnew came up, pushing two sorrow-stricken youths known as the local trading post — 200 miles away at Island Lake — as "Angus Rae" and "Norman Kidder", because their own names were unpronounceable. Each took an end of the rope dangling from Sap-wa-ah's lodge. To the beat of the con-tone, each stepped back and pulled with all his might. Inside, the sick girl, around whose neck the cord was fast, was strangled to death.

That night, the body of the dead girl was wrapped in skins, taken far into the forest and buried in a shallow grave. In case the evil spirits might still be attracted to her and surround the body to life, a long sharp stake was driven right through it into the grave.

Concerned walking and shouting by all the tribe continued through the night to frighten the hovering spirits away altogether. Sap-wa-ah's lodge was burned to ashes by Pongquan as a final possession.

The following winter proved much

worse than usual. Large snowfalls prevented the Salween setting any animal traps. Had back also dogged them. Even the fish seemed to evade their nets. Their few stores barely fedded himself in a fit of depression over unrequited love. The tribe was on the verge of starvation.

When a party of them arrived at the trading post at Island Lake in December, 1903, so exhausted were they for stores, they had only about a quarter of their usual stock. The latter complained because it was not enough even to pay for their debts for previous goods.

The Salween braves related a story of misbehavior that had befallen them. One of them let slip his opinion that the killing of Sap-wa-ah was a mistake and had enraged the spirits.

Perturbed at this news of murder, the factor, "My MIE" Campbell, decided to report it to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Norway House on the far-off Nelson River.

Pongquan, the medicine man before.



The Salteaux were beseeching Ismond with blood lust. Sap-wet was not the first victim the medicine men had killed to drive out supposed evil spirits. Constant killings, Campbell could see, were affecting the character and the morality of the whole tribe. Eventually, as had happened before with other Indians, they would give up hating altogether. The stronger members would kill the weak and submit on their death until only one or two surviving cannibals were left.

Campbell visited Norway House at Chisasibi. He told Sergeant Smith of the Mounted detachment there about the growing ill-manners of the Salteaux — and particularly of the seven murders of the square, Sap-wet.

Sergeant Smith sent a report to the

Commissioner of the Mounted Police at Ottawa. The orders he received as a result, in February, 1907, tasked him to suppress his two last men, Constables Cookman and O'Neill.

He had made inquiries and established that Pesequa and the Salteaux at Sandy Lake had perpetrated at least 25 cruel and senseless killings. The two constables were instructed to take two half-breed guides and interpreters—Moses Gore and Jimmy Kirkness — proceed to Sandy Lake and arrest and bring back both the medicine men, Pesequa, and the chief of the tribe, Misteekness, for trial.

Sergeant Smith warned the two constables of the dangers facing them. The Salteaux were cunning and dangerous and feared by other tribes for cruelty. To send two young white

men nearly 500 miles into the frozen wilderness to arrest their all-powerful medicine men and chief seemed foolhardy. Against the numbers they would lose, weapons would be useless. All that the constables had to enforce their orders were the prestige and reputation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When the four-man patrol left Norway House with their dog teams, winter cold held the barrens Northland in thrall. For many days they battled snowdrifts, blizzards and marching waters as they covered the 500 miles to "Big Bear" Campbell's post at Island Lake.

When the hordes of the trading post came into view, their exhausted dogs dashed forward joyously, barking a greeting as they pulled the sleds through the open gate and snored the rest, sleep, warmth and food that would soon be theirs. And the third, adrift men only asked the same reward. For two days they slept in the posts' only guest house, leaving their packs only for Campbell's feast-like menu of stewed beaver tails, roan marmoset, fresh bread and steaming tea.

But their trail was not over. For five more days they had to face the perils of nature at her worst before they saw the frozen waters of huge Sandy Lake and knew they were in the hazy grounds of the Salteaux.

The guide, Jimmy Kirkness, went off on a reconnaissance. He returned with the news that the quarry had disappeared. He had found the remains of a camp of the Salteaux near the lake, but it was deserted, with abundant evidence that they had left in a hurry.

Smoothing their heads, the Redcoats put the blame for the alarm on the mysterious "Mooseau Telegraph", the inexplicable way in which news travelled among the Indians of

the Northland. The Salteaux knew the Mooseaux were coming — and why? Yet, from Island Lake the two officers had made second guess. They were sure no one had been ahead of them. Nevertheless, the Salteaux knew of their mission as surely as if someone had telephoned them.

O'Neill and Cookman were delayed for a week while Moses Gore and Jimmy Kirkness tried to pick up the tribe's trail. They eventually discovered a faint trace of the Salteaux passage, and the constables got under way again. The trail was followed for some days until, on the shores of the smaller Red Lake, they found the new Salteaux camp.

Leaving Moses Gore with the dogs and dogs, Constables Cookman and O'Neill, with Jimmy Kirkness as interpreter, walked boldly into the camp. They marched through a throng of angry, scowling Indians, ignoring the ominous note of the medicine drum that had started to beat in the background.

The great strength of the Mounted Police in dealing with warlike Indian tribes in those days was its reputation and the general fear in which it was held by wrong-doers. The two lone constables, however, saw that the Salteaux were different. They were early and openly aggressive. They might have been terrified by the evil spirits infesting a sick path, but they certainly had no fear for a couple of Redcoats, 500 miles from the nearest settlement.

Constable Cookman strode up to the young, intelligent-looking Redskin, obviously the chief, seated before the largest wigwam. Around him were a crowd of glowering braves, with ancient but effective moccasins on their hands.

To Jimmy Kirkness, Cookman said: "Tell the chief that the Great White Father has sent me a long way to talk with him."



"You been trying to tell me, Reddy, you got the wrong kind?"



The chief was puffing his pipe. In the meantime, he had secured his prerogative of leadership and taken full control from Pequoque. His heavy eyes stared thoughtfully at the constable. Then he stood erect and barked angry, general words at the intruder.

"What has your Great White Father to do with the Salimans?" he demanded. "That is our country, where we can do as we please. I know you wish to take me and my faithful medicine man, Pequoque, away. You will lock us up in your great stone house."

Cushman—amused at the Indian's knowledge of the purpose of his mission—tried to interject something about a fair trial.

Mimamagew ignored him and continued. "Well, I have scores of young braves who do not want me to go away," he said. "They have guns all ready to shoot. They could kill you both where you stand—and your two half-breed dogs with you—and throw your carcasses to the wolves."

Cushman and O'Neill knew that not only their own lives, but perhaps the future peace of a large slice of Canada depended on their handling of the situation. The Salimans could run and lead all the tribes in the area to war against the whites. It would take a full-scale military expedition to put them down.

From the encircling Indians, Cushman heard grunts of approval at the chief's words. In his reply, he pointed out that the braves could certainly kill himself and O'Neill. But to avenge them, the Great White Father would send hundreds of men, who would hunt the Salimans like the fled dogs hunt the water rat.

"There will be many widows, Mimamagew," he concluded, "to cut their hair and slash their bodies in mourning. There will be many papooses who will die, because they

have no fathers to find them food, show their widows, and tell your men to put away their guns."

Dozier showed in the chief's eyes that he did not immediately capitulate. Moments of argument followed before he held out his hands in a royal gesture and said, "Put those men on my wives, white men. I will go with you, and so will Pequoque. I do not wish to see my people suffer. You are brave men. It is not hard to be your prisoner."

The Mounted also took Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had done the actual killing, into custody. With their four prisoners, they then started the long trek back to Norway House. They spared the Indians the ignominy of being handcuffed, but kept constant guard over them.

It was almost summer again before they returned to Norway House, where the Indians were to be tried. While they awaited the trial, the medicine man, old Pequoque, began to brood. One day he hanged himself with a scarf.

On August 8, 1907, Chief Mistahewew pleaded guilty to the murder of Sapewata, taking full responsibility for the crime. Public sympathy was roused by his stoical attitude, but the official view was that he must be punished—particularly as evidence of 20 other similar cases was also available.

Mimamagew was sentenced to death, but it was later commuted to life imprisonment. He died in his bunk at the Stoney Mountain Penitentiary three years later.

The two Indians, Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had mainly been tools of the medicine man, were released and sent back to their tribes without trial—"to spread word of the power of the whites and the cunning of Mounted Police parties."



# pointers to better health

## HEART MACHINE

A London research worker has invented a machine which was recently used successfully in an operation in London. The machine provided the patient with two pints of blood a minute for two hours while the operation was in progress.

## RED NOSE

On the street and elsewhere, thousands of people have been considered intoxicated when they have not touched a drop of liquor, but were suffering from an illness. Besides drinking more than 50 casks can produce an appearance of drunkenness, including vertigo, epilepsy, brain tumor, fractured skull and toxicemic coma of diabetes.

## SLEEP

Rest is now mass-producing electric "sleep machines" for stomach ulcer victims. It works this way: Turned on, it gives out a faint rhythmic current which soothes the central nervous system and natural sleep comes within one minute. This could be handy for people with ulcers.

## BRAIN WORK

The University of California has been making some research on the human brain and has discovered that

the brain requires no more energy to produce more thoughts than one type of intense thought. They add: "There is no apparent difference in the amounts of blood, oxygen and sugar which the brain requires to produce a mere idea and a schizophrenic thought." Now who says that it is easier to fall into crime?

## DIGESTION

Professor I. C. Gunsalus, University of Illinois microbiologist, has made a synthetic vitamin which aids digestion. He has named it "Upso acid". Leafy vegetables, beer and yeast are rich in it. Professor Gunsalus says that without his new vitamin, man cannot completely utilize carbohydrates. Similarly, plants cannot grow, because they cannot make starch properly without it. If this Upso acid is as successful as the preliminary claims, it should do away with after-dinner naps.

## NEEDLE

A drop of cocaine put in the syringe along with the medicine will help other painful injections, says Dr. Theodore Combs of Chicago, in the "Journal of Investigative Dermatology". He believes that cocaine possibly checks the nerve endings of the skin against the effects of the injection. So, in future, you need not be afraid of that needle.

# QUICK SWITCH



Some people enjoy their work. This happy girl, shown answering at a city club, readily likes her job. No one seems to know her name, maybe that is the reason for the cute smile. What is her job at the club? Look at the next page.





She is a telephonist on the switchboard! And she has a number of million. Now switch your gaze to the bottom of the page —



What a switch! Yes, it is the same girl, doubling as an entertainer. This telephonist got the right number. And, indeed, she is a snappy number.



Out in front in another costume, with the band, our switchgirl makes a big hit. A lorch singer with a figure and face like hers—and she's a telephonist! They do say she gets more calls than any other switch girl.



# THIS BUSINESS OF DIVORCE

Divorce is the easy way out of a bad marriage. And divorce has been granted on fantastic grounds.



ALAN RAYMOND

WHEN the preacher marmers the words, "Till death do you part," he means it. The parties concerned mean to stick by it, no matter they find they can no longer stomach the patty of the other part. Thus there are three ways of faulting a marriage—getting an animal sense, getting a divorce or committing murder.

All three methods have been used and are still being used—probably they always will be used. But it is the middle measure about which we are concerned at the moment. Divorce is the best way of breaking up an unhappy marriage, but divorce is difficult to get in Australia.

—and it can be very expensive. But it is simple to keep the bonds of matrimony in the United States of America—and some of the reasons given by the divorce petitioners sound very amusing to onlookers.

For example, a woman in San Francisco asked for divorce because her husband used a singing tea kettle when he prepared his breakfast at 3 a.m. each day. She was granted a decree on the grounds of mental cruelty.

In Minneapolis a woman was granted a divorce after convincing the court that her husband had wooed and seduced her only to win two quarts of whisky on a boy's farm.

lucky, a woman in Los Angeles was granted a divorce because her husband had married her solely to get an apartment.

Three men quoted above must have had what it takes to woo a girl, but they are not alone in that stricken. A 41-year-old woman suing for divorce in Louisville, Kentucky, testified that her husband had just become tired of being married and had abandoned her. But, she hesitated to add, he had always been a perfect gentleman.

The death of an architect in Los Angeles revealed that he had been guilty of a flagrant marriage and had been leading a double life. But both his wives declared "He was a good husband" and both shared one body. Evidently that architect had a plan for a perfect home.

Edna Hunt, aged 33, last year secured a divorce for the fifth time, which is not bad going, especially for one so young. It says much for her charm over men—even if she could not hold them. She had since been married for the 12th time, and, at the time of writing, the marriage is going well. Of course, she hails from America.

While Edna obviously did not have an inferiority complex, one woman in Texas did. She sued for divorce because her husband had four unwelcome daughters and the himself had never been to college.

In Chicago, one, Laura Parker, aged 34, divorced her husband, Guy Parker, also aged 34, and married his brother, Richard 45. The marriage did not last, she sued for divorce—and got it. The charge was that her first husband set his younger brother a bad example by hitting her. She did not hit it off with either of her husbands, evidently.

About the same time Laura was suing for divorce from her second spouse, Marjellen Dillen won a

divorce in Indianapolis after testifying that her husband crushed her ribs while practising wrestling holds after watching television. He could not keep his hold on her.

Of course, most marriages are very happy, although not all the seemingly happy ones are as they seem. For example, a marriage relations officer in San Francisco testified last night that he would have to cancel his engagements to speak on "How To Be Happy, Though Married" because he had been subpoenaed to answer his wife's suit for divorce.

Not all petitions succeed, even in America. One case that didn't, took place in New Jersey. The husband's petition was dismissed because the judge ruled the male member of the alliance cruel. It appeared that he had ceased supporting his wife because she nagged him. Ruling of the court was that nagging doesn't improve a wife's disposition.

Another man in Oklahoma was overruled by the judge when he complained that his wife continued to spend as much on clothes after marriage as before. The learned judge ruled that it was the husband who has to dress more frugally after marriage. While having very much a star in some households.

Who wears the pants in your house? A Dallas man could do nothing with his wife, so he took her to court. He asked the court to order her to stop reading comic and get back to housework. It is not recorded what the court ruled, but it is possible that, with such a man for a husband, the wife ordered him to do the housework.

After a hectic show all day in the kitchen, should her groom come home with sandwiches and eat them in preference to his wife's cooking? That was the point set before a court in Florida. And the ruling?

The judge said a husband should honor his wife's cooking, even if it kills him. That might give some women ideas.

However, some women carry their husband (or at least their kitchen utensils) too far. A man in America told the court that his spouse slept with a brother's knife under her pillow. "It makes me nervous," he said. He was granted a divorce.

Another fellow had a wife who not only indulged in a war on nerves, but who attempted to carry out physical violence. The scene was Fort Worth, U.S.A., and the man was a giant weighing 300 pounds and standing six feet six inches in height. He applied for divorce because his spouse fired a gun at him. He was granted his divorce, but, as the judge said: "I don't see how she missed."

Perhaps nerve warfare is better than direct violence. In Seaside, California, an undertaker, applying for a divorce, testified that his wife made him sleep in his hearse. Maybe he was afraid the practice may become permanent.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, John Brown, filing a counter suit for divorce against Blanche Weaver, charged the woman a wage describing their marriage. The title of the song: "Thirty Years in Hell".

While few recognize men as the head of the house, husband and wife should be regarded as being equal in the marriage. In so far as the wedding day should be the lady's day. But Thomas Hand thought otherwise. While he may not have been a sportsman regarding marriage from his own point of view, he was a sportsman regarding football. As soon as he became legally tied in his spouse in England, Hand took matters into his own hands and kicked her with a football much. He left her

in the street while he stopped for action and took his place in the field. Mrs. Hand took revenge at this behavior and charged her husband with lunacy. The petition was dismissed.

It seems that pets can cause a whole heap of bother. In St. Paul, U.S.A., a woman won a divorce because he had trained the family dog to bite her. And in New Jersey a man got a divorce because his wife kept 70 cats and he could not live with the 71 of them!

But do not take women into your own hands, men. In Rome a wife petitioned for divorce on the grounds of cruelty by her husband, Fred Small. But the cruelty was not directed at her—not physically, anyway. There were five in the household—Mr. and Mrs. Small and four cats. The felines were active animals and they interfered with student Small's studies, but he stood it as long as possible. Then came the breaking point; one cat showed his hostility and Small caught it and upended the animal with a vengeance. It was for spanking the cat that Mrs. Small brought her charges for cruelty—and she was granted a divorce for such a small thing.

From east to west, we find a strange divorce scene in Peru. A wife received a milk coat from her lover (not her husband). She did not want to assume her husband's responsibility, so she put the coat in an old suitcase and deposited it in a railway cloakroom. Having done so, she showed the cloakroom ticket to her husband, telling him that she found the suitcase in a room and had deposited it in the cloakroom because she did not want anyone to see her with the case and perhaps recognize it.

"I wonder what's in the case?" the coyote asked her husband.

"I'll go down and find out," replied her spouse, so she gave him the cloakroom receipt and asked him to collect the suitcase.

The husband collected the case, took it around a corner, opened it, saw the milk and took it out. He substituted rubbish about the weight of the case and took the case to his wife.

The coast! He gave it to his mistress. That was his mistake. His wife's immediate reaction was to burn into him, but when the recovered her equilibrium, she had her spouse killed. Result: The divorce court. She was granted a divorce: "You can be too clever sometimes."

At Finsberg, Germany, Frau Ingrid Jeppesen sued for a divorce. The grounds were not unusual, but the circumstances were. Her stake

husband made a habit of cutting off the limbs of her appliances to make benches for his golf friend. The wife did not find this uplifting. The judge cut the marriage asirth.

When it comes to new ideas of new events to old ideas, Hilda Otto must take the cake. She was the second wife of William Otto, a 70-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, man and she considered herself a moderate-to-good realist. That was O.K. with William, but she insisted that he attend the women. And to drive her point home she told him that she had been ordered to make him attend these women—by his deceased first wife!

William Otto was granted a divorce, so now he is free from both his wives.



"The children are locked in the cupboard. Please give me a five minute start before you let them out."



"Just think . . . a REAL diamond!"

## THEY FOOLED THE EXPERTS



AMERICAN collectors claim between them, today, some 30,000 Cezai paintings.

Lucky guess! Everybody knows that Cezai is one of the great masters of modern painting, and that his works, individually are worth a fortune.

But there must be about 10,000 people who don't know that Cezai, in his lifetime, painted some 2500 canvases.

But that's how it is. And the explanation is as simple as it is sinister. In the modern world collectors of antiques and objects of art have interested to a far greater extent than works of art have themselves increased. So that there are about 10,000 people throughout the world today who proudly exhibit their "original Cezais"—and don't know how wrong they are.

Obviously, the next step is for one to pass thoughtfully to one's den and examine one's work of art. After all, the business of keeping collectors happy has not been thwarted simply because of the lack of genuine old masters and masterpieces, and these was a man in Brussels named Van Meegen. This gentleman was a painter who exhibited his work and was dismissed by the critics with a wave of the hand. He was not, they said, a man of talent.

Now nobody likes to be told by the critics that he is not a man of talent. In N.W.W. there have been lessons over pictures as simple as

that. But Van Mergem's dog in his toes and inclined to make the critics eat their bile words. According to his studio he went to work on canvas.

Very shortly a mouse emerged, and another, and another, from the famous Duchassaing Vermeer. The mouse moved about the discovery of hitherto unknown Vermeer originals, certified their originality, and in other ways gave them every hall-mark of approval—before Van Mergem came out of his studio and modestly admitted that he, unwisely and unaided though he was, happened to be the pointer of the masterpiece exhibited under the name of Vermeer.

Of course, to the ordinary citizen, this would tend to prove that as the works of Van Mergem and Vermeer were indistinguishable, the painter might have something like equal talent. But to the critics, it simply meant that Van Mergem was a skilled forger!

One is, of course, forced to wonder how a work of art derives its great value, if the merits of the work are equal and the value depends on the spelling of the name.

But in this problem one is not alone. One has the support, for instance, of the artistic playboy of France, Francois Crumeneux, a sculptor whose work was conscientious and well performed, but whose talent remained unrecognized.

What do I have that Rodin didn't have? Francois asked himself, and he decided to find out by practical experiment.

About that time (which was late last century) a peasant working in a field at St. Jean sur Loire, turned up with his spade a piece of antiquity. Shovelers with the clay that clung around it at first it seemed about the same as a bit of fossilized wood, but as the peasant cleaned

it off, he found he was standing in the field holding an exquisite replica (smaller than life size) of the naked female. A marvelous find!

The peasant was a little distressed because the female had, somewhere down through the ages, lost her nose, but after all, one did not expect antiquity to remain perfect through the ages. So the peasant held the female off to Paris and showed her to various famous artists. These were delighted. They had always suspected that, in Roman times, there were accomplished Celtic sculptors, and they hailed the peasant's discovery as a Celtic Roman's Venus, a kind of missing link in the history of art. Not only that, they installed the lady, headless as she was, in a museum.

Into all this excitement came Francois Crumeneux. Laughing heartily, the sculptor claimed that he had made the statue, that he had buried it in the field, that he had waited patiently for some time for the peasant to discover it, make the museum of his experiment, hang on the discovery heavy guarantees, and hearing what the experts would have to say about the genuine discovery of a totally unacknowledged piece of carving.

And what did the experts do here? They laughed, long and loud. They demanded to know whether they would put the thing in a museum if they were satisfied as to its bona fides? And Francois Crumeneux laughed equally long and loud and said he was content enough to be here they would!

Against such a case whatever there was only one defense. The experts, rather than condemn this statue, condemned Francois Crumeneux when a night he the man was! And to think he could fool them, the experts, by claiming that he made the statue.

But under these attacks Francois

kept a stiff upper lip—and a smile. Flushing on his pale cheeks he brought out a piece of marble.

"See," he said, "it is the missing nose of the statue—and when you find it for you have to believe it is my statue, since I have the model!" And that's the way it was.

It recalled that, in 1890, there had come into the possession of the French experts an ancient, a wonderful antique—a thing which once belonged to the old Egyptian king Sappharamus. It had little resemblance to the diamond throne of the Queen, being no more than a gold bar without a trim, but skillfully engraved and encrusted with ancient figures and half intelligible hieroglyphs. The members of the French Institute examined it, and were delighted with its discovery. So much so that, at a cost of 300,000 dollars, they exhibited it in the famous repository of ancient art, the Louvre, Paris.

But having closely guarded their secret until it was purchased, they found a different story when they exhibited the find, with their comments, in the Louvre. Art critics and professors from around the world saw it and as Paris is the home of culture, it became news. And when that occurred, experts began to challenge the facts. The Egyptian king they knew. But has there they didn't know. And supposing the thing in the Louvre, they weren't inclined to give full marks to the judgment of the savants.

The debate raged until 1903, and the more obstinate, the more defense of the previous facts. But in 1903 a gentleman named Rouchnoud arrived in Paris—a metal worker from Odessa, a simple Russian whom, upon something, named up a Tarter. He, he said, was the fabricator of the famous nose of Sappharamus; his own skillful workman's hands had fashioned it, and

"He hasn't had a harvest in years."

Said the man to his mate in the bar:

They paused while they drank their beers.

Then the other snatched his lips and said, "Hail!"

One of your mates—a little bit queer.

Or is it he just doesn't care?"

The first took a long gulp on his beer.

"Neither," he said, "he just has no hair."

—AM-EM

the old-world dangers, exhausted the heroic battle sequence, and, indeed, made it what it was. Further, he admitted, it wasn't easy to get paid for one's work. Many people had seen it before it reached Paris, and refused point blank to pay much more than the value of the crude metal of which it was made.

The time, with its fake peddlers, had been hatched around the museums of Europe, but the piece had been too high, the authenticity of it had been doubted—Rouchnoud's was indeed and as only a Russian can be said, as the lack of appreciation of his work. For the Parisians seemed to agree that he was as skillful as the early Egyptian goldsmiths was, indeed, a compliment . . .

And once more the savants laughed and long, and refused his claim. They stressed a telling point—every time somebody found a genuine antique somebody claimed to have forged it. What Was there so skill in the ancient world? But all the works of art of Greece and Rome have to come from back streets

in Paris or Odessa! They weren't!

But the Russian wasn't dishonest! He went into a workshop and huddled with some of the experts. And there, before their eyes, he proceeded to re-create from his memory, in metal, part of the fabulous torso—a part which could not be distinguished in any way from the prize original!

That capped the forgery. The experts were convinced, and it became debatable whether the forgers then weren't worth as much as an example of the perfect forgery, so it would have been worth as Rembrandt's handprint!

But maybe the value of it as a forgery was increased by the fact that Koshchenevski wasn't trapped in his success. There was a German doctor named Wilhelm Bode, who, pursuing about London, came upon a piece of anatomy which he recognized as a masterpiece from dog-eaten disease. It was, he became certain a piece of Leonardo da Vinci—and in perfect preservation. Having sold it, he took it back to Berlin. There he told the dramatic story of how he had purchased it in an old English curiosity shop.

Of course there were other experts in Berlin who related the piece as one, on the theory that nothing of the da Vinci quality could be knocking around like that—and on that note of preservation.

Wilhelm Bode, however, was no fly-by night. Finally his word won the day. His opinion was irrefragable. Kaiser Wilhelm II himself said, in effect, what Dr. Bode says is good enough for me. So the da Vinci masterpiece was admitted in the museum in Berlin, and the world-wide Germany in new find in masterpieces of art.

However, a Bode Englishman with no sense of diplomacy noted his

head unexpectedly and said, in effect, "That isn't a work of Leonardo da Vinci. My father did that in 1880, and never sold it because he couldn't get £30 for it."

Before the outbreak of Lamas the younger, Dr. Wilhelm Bode added up, and the reputation of da Vinci was saved from carrying the burden of the extra work of art.

These little incidents make nice telling, and if you have a mind for moving up antiquity, collecting works of art, paintings, carvings, what have you, please remember that the natural income production of works of art. Remember that you can get a photographic copy of a Mithras, Van Gogh, or Goghian, for a few shillings, and you can bet that it is an accurate copy; but if you buy an original for a thousand guineas, the chances are that it is a fake, and you have no guarantee that it bears any resemblance to any previous creation of the old master.

In the matter for collecting, somebody has to get ahead, somebody has to lose out.

But the makers of antiquity, the bookmakers, are rarely on the losing end. How can they be? They meet the demands of a market which comes on pride of possession and more money than is good for so— for there is one thing which distinguishes the collector, and that is, as a rule, his ignorance of the objects of art he collects.

On the other hand, there are forgers who are almost, or quite as skilful as the previous old masters themselves, and it may be true somebody started a society for the recognition of expert art imitators, since numerous fake collectors have made the forgery of masterpieces a craft which is both skilled and remunerative.

## WHO'D HE EVER BEAT?

RAY MITCHELL



The champion is beaten. And the bad ends set up the cry, "Who'd he ever beat?"

THE world contains some funny people—people, who through lack of ability in the field where they would like to shine, consider the ability of those who excel in that field. Particularly it is noticeable in boxing, a rugged sport of emotions, where the crowd goes wild with excitement. You have seen at a great fight in progress and the crowd is yelling itself hoarse, then, after landing the ninth, you see groups of men gathered, discussing the night's fight and other great fights. Then it is that you meet the funny people; yes, the same people, who minutes before have been yelling with the rest; and they say to you "Yes, but who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember Jack Hinson, a terrific-looking lightweight

who held the Apurimban title a few years ago; Jack choked them with his knockout; he was regarded as potential world title material, then, one night he went under to Andy Cruz, and the funny people set up the boister "who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember that great night, February 2, 1946, when Vic Fenzl knocked out Tommy Burns in nine rounds of a really wonderful fight. That night Patrick would have beaten any lightweight in the world and the crowd was thrilled to the core. After the fight was over, groups of fans were marvelling at the little Vagabond. Then a sad-looking character came up to one group and said "Sure Patrick was, but he is not a great fighter." You pointed out that Patrick had beaten every-

one he'd fought, but the real end such says: "Yes, but who'd he ever beat—only a lot of gas!"

This "Who'd he ever beat?" blinks is over on the world. A fighter has claimed the celebrity of the crowd, he is making money, getting fame. And the end character is mentally putting himself in the role he can never assume in real life. So he becomes an exhibitionist, he must attract attention to himself, so he comes out with the three-word line, "Who'd he ever beat?"

You remember the night of March 3, 1903? That night you saw the greatest fight in Australia's history when Tommy Harris, 100 per cent, better than when he fought Patrick, fought with overwhelming lectures against the American Nagas, O'Neill Bell and knocked out Bell in the 11th. What a great fight! But one word. You remember seeing the drama of groups of fans, fans to leave the atmosphere of the stadium, as they loudly discussed and admired the spirit of Harris, you remember them discussing other great fights and not finding any to line up to the Burns-Bell fight, except for a few old men who talk about the Grigio-Duncan battle. And while this discussion is going on, you observe the red marks going from group to group, saying "Sure, Burns won. Sure he beat Bell. But who did Bell ever beat?"

Maybe you said (G.T.): to see the late Dave Sands better Carl Robo Olson in 1930. It was not a spectacular fight, because Olson was downed in the first round, survived many more brain-numbing punches, in fact on points, but was saved from a K.O. by a benevolent Sands who evidently wanted a return bout. And Sands never looked good unless he was flat out to win down the mart. But Dave beat a world-famous fighter that night; and

he beat him again in Chicago later. A lot of red marks were around that night "Sands! Who'd he ever beat?"

Well, Sands beat a lot of guys who could fight. And Olson gave Ray Robinson the stiffest argument of his career, so much so, that when Ray lay exhausted on a table after the fight, he answered the question, "Will you fight Dave Sands?" with the remark, "I want a lot of money to fight that guy."

Robinson has been rated the greatest all-round fighting machine, pound for pound, produced in America in a generation. He wanted no part of Sands. And when Ray retired, that man Olson drew on his world belt chain. Olson said, after he won the title "If Dave Sands were alive, this title would be his."

So, and, and, there is your answer to the query about Sands, "Who'd he ever beat?" He beat the man who was a world title, he beat the man who gave the "greatest" fight of his life. What is more, he beat him twice.

Maybe you have seen prospects lining up to a title, surveying the path with K.O. victims. There have been a number. Vic Patrick was one, Jack Hansen was another, Jack Haines came into the line-up and young Col Clarke is on the way up right now. Of course, there is Jimmy Carmichael who won the Australian title in his 9th fight and the world title in his 15th. And as he went on his winning way, the red marks were looking for him. They said he could not take it. He has proved he can. They said he could not handle a Buster. He has proved he can. So, with all their mistakes proved wrong, they have fallen back on the time-worn theme, "Who'd he ever beat?" And of course, the answer is easy—Jimmy Carmichael beat all he met, and that includes

the world's top contenders.

The strange thing about all this is the heading of a fighter years after he is finished. Ron Richards is a case in point. Ron lost some 12 fights in over 130; but he was a good fighter. However, every time he was defeated the old cry went up: "Richards was never any good. Tell me one good fighter he beat?" And when Ron did win, there was always that element who said the other fellow was no good. But what do they say about Richards now? Now there was a great fighter, Ron Richards. What would he have done to the present crop? What would he have done to Sands? And they laugh as though it was really far worse to speak of the great Ron Richards in the same breath

with hands and other middleweights of recent vintage.

Sure, Richards was a great fighter; he has some great fighters in such a manner that he must be accorded his due. But I, for one, think that Sands would have stopped Ron. And I saw them both fight at their best.

The greatest idol this country has had since Duncy was Vic Patrick. Vic bowled them over like magnets and had the greatest K.O. record of them all. But, odd though he was—or perhaps it was because he was so fast—there were dreamers who set up the cry, "Who'd he ever beat?" Yet when Vic met his Waterloo, when he went under to Freddie Dawson, just 10 months past his peak, the dreamers were silent. They realized



"Can I become it when you're finished?"



they had just witnessed the eclipse of a great fighter and they regretted their naive mistake. For Patrick was a great fighter and probably had no peer in the history of the Australian lightweight division.

There are too many of these sad ends in the fight game and they work under other circumstances, too. For instance, they champion a fighter whom they think is not getting a fair go from the promoters; they take up his cause and lead to high heaven that so-and-so has beaten every contender in sight, so why doesn't he get a shot at the title? Then, after so-and-so does get his chance—and he wins—his supporters turn on him with the old familiar cry: "He is a cheap champion. Tell me, who'd he ever beat?"

A case in point was the famous Bull, Jake La Motta. Jake had beaten all the middleweight contenders while he batted his way to the top of the world heap. But he could not get a match for the title and the fans, and the critics, took up his cause. They pointed out whom he had beaten and they demanded that the champion defend his title. Eventually Jake got his chance; he won the crowd from the Pittsburgh, Marcel Cerdan. And then came the pay-off, the fans began hectoring for someone to take "the boss's title." "La Motta can't fight. Give us a champion who can."

Edward Charles was another recent case. He was leading contender for the world light-heavy title when Gus Lesenich cut in the throne of this division. Charles was hammering at Lesenich's door for some time and could not get his chance. The fans set up the cry for Charles to get an opportunity. Edward solved the situation himself; he left the division and campaigned all among the big fellows. And he

won the world heavyweight title. What happened? The fans suddenly reached the conclusion that he was an unscrupulous fighter. "He can't fight. He is the worst champion we ever had," they said and they denied the fall of the fight game when such a man could rule the world's fighters.

A third way the fans—the sad souls of the fight game—work, is to select a fight to see their idol knock off an "upstart", then when the underdog steps the distance and puts on a good show, they boot the verdict in favour of their idol, no matter how close was the decision.

Take one case in many—Jimmy Carruthers' fight with Bobby Nee. This figured in last a few weeks, but Bobby fought like a world title contender against the champion and won the distance. If Bobby was one pound that was his limit. I scored three drawn rounds and none to Carruthers in that 12-round fight, which was a shame. Yet the crowd booed like madmen because Jimmy was given the verdict. In their hearts they knew that Carruthers won clearly, but they let their admiration for a piece larger sway their judgment. These were sympathy beats.

And after the fight the sad souls still asked the same questions: "Who'd he ever beat?" and you got sick of him and demanded: "Who was a great fighter? You asked who did Patrick ever beat, who did Carruthers ever beat, who did Smith ever lose. Who was ever a great fighter?" And he thinks for a moment and comes up with Barry, Thoma, Godfrey and a few more of his own era. And you point out that all the men he mentioned were beaten. Finally he says: "Ah, but they were fighters in those days." And you laugh at him and turn away.



Sonny was a gentle soul; he did not show temper — even when Freddy tried to steal his wife.

FICTION

D'ARCY NILAND

THEY had a human derrick up there at Koorua that year. His name was Sonny Hopspita. He was the fiercest Maori you ever saw, and when they come in bulk, these brown fellows, nature is certainly no slacker.

He was easily the strongest man they ever had in that camp, and they had had plenty. He heard nothing, but he was as gentle as a bird. All that immense weight he kept so himself as he rolled and followed around like a great heap of porosity. He never dug it about.

When he came from down on the east coast he was already a legend among his own. He had a big place right there in the oral history of the Ngaitipponi tribe. But his time

didn't stop there. It had spread.

You could pick up a story about him away down among the maroon-borders on Haurapua in the deep south. You heard about him up at Cape Maria in the lighthouse there. He was like a brand of jam or baby food. Everywhere somebody knew something about him or had heard of his name.

They made a great song and dance about him in the Auckland papers when he lifted a train back on the rails at Auckland.

A visiting Melbourne promoter wanted to take him back to Australia. He filled his ear full of spiel about what a tremendous future awaited Sonny as a wrestler. But Sonny only looked at him with a shy

giggle and said he liked it where he was.

"Too many praddy with black-lins for my likin'," Sonny said. "They might eat a praddy man."

When somebody took him around to a city you see morning he made the muscle-happy characters protest look and feel like workings who were wasting their time and money.

They were straggled to football shows and leopard-skins. Without effort, Sonny Hekapata pressed, scratched, clamped and jerked. And he didn't take off his coat.

They talked about getting him into an Olympic team. But he only giggled again and said no. They persisted. He rambled. They left it at that. Nobody felt like forcing the issue.

Up there at Kona it was a happy set-up. They were a mob of good fellows, and they all got on well together.

Then a man named Brady came on the job. He was an Australian, and had cut his teeth on the tall timber in the west.

He knew his work all right, and you couldn't fault him. But his character was different. You could drive a poker through some of the holes in it.

He was only about 34, with a dark face and piercing black eyes that might have pointed to a lot of honey in him. He was thick-set, wide shouldered. He had a gravelly voice that was not unattractive. His head was a mass of jet curls set close to the skull like a wreath.

He was a toughy, this Brady. Blow your nose and he got the tissues you were clamping off. He could work up a man into lightning-temper quander than you could flick your fingers. He liked to fight. Nobody knew why, but you'll get men like that. If they think there's somebody better than they are they

can't rest, they're not satisfied. All day, best him. They're looking for the challenge all the time. Maybe they've got a derry on the world. Maybe they've got to prove to themselves that their inferiority complex is not all that it's cracked down to be.

At any rate, he came up against Sonny Hekapata one day. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and Sonny was best over a working and bounding his duds when Brady started to pick him. Sonny took no notice. He went on sleeping, pretending to the world his great role like the blackquart of an elephant.

Brady kept up his taunts, trying to get the big fellow's goat, but he couldn't goad him. Only once Sonny turned his broad smiling face and told Brady to go and take a praddy handshake powder.

That wasn't sufficient incentive to start Brady throwing punches. He liked his man to get worked up. He liked to see the sparks in his eyes, and the clench of his fists.

The men only looked on with idle curiosity and hope. They knew why Brady was taunting Sonny. It was that much in him coming out again. He had nothing against the black, but the tales he had heard about his physical prowess had only served to set him up as a worthy challenger, as yet another challenger to be toppled.

When Brady saw he was not getting anywhere with his taunts, he walked up behind Sonny, and said: "You're not a man. You're just a great big lump of blubber."

"Ah, Leeth, go away, praddy silly feller," Sonny muttered amiably.

"You know why you're not a man, manquin," Brady picked. "Because if you was a man you wouldn't take what I've been saying to you."

Sonny stepped his huge arms in the robe. He was silent with impatience. His bloodshot eyes flicked

around and stayed in the corners of their sockets. Then he moved his bulk around the tub, shifting his posterior out of danger.

The men laughed. Brady was annoyed by their laughter, and by the obvious amusement on Sonny Hekapata's face. He suddenly grabbed the tub and splashed it, dousing Sonny from the waist down.

Sonny looked startled for a moment. Then he surveyed his sodden counter with a casual expression, and glanced up at Brady, who stood with clenched teeth and glittering eyes.

"Now, look what you did!" Sonny said, as he rubbed to a child. "You better go 'way, or I smack your praddy bottom."

Brady hit him hard in the face and went in the ribs. He got no further. The tides swept him to his arms in a hair bag. Brady struggled, granting themselves Sonny didn't move from the spot. There was no anger on his face. In fact, his eyes were opened wide in astonished joy. The muscles, the tendons in his arms were like the ribs of a tree. In ten minutes the ridge smoothed out, Brady dropped unconscious.

For three weeks after that, Brady kept away from Sonny. Then he told Sonny he'd like to bury the hot chest. They shook hands. Sonny was happy. He would have burned anything if it meant keeping things nice and peaceful and pleasant. He everybody else that knew that Brady was taking Julia Bennett to move over.

One day, a few weeks later, Sonny Hekapata doblained his great brown loins, got out his bare blue shirt and and he took the corners out of his suit as the sun, slipped his sunbath on his head and went down to dockland.

He was away for two weeks, and he

came back with company, a red shirt and a blue one and a transcendence sharp of good spirits.

The main cause of it was the company—a young, fat, pretty, covered woman, full of a suppleness that made her seem silly.

"Men," and Sonny Hekapata, "meet the praddy women."

Everybody clapped, and in turn went up and shook Sonny's hand and, exhorted by Sonny, kissed the bride who shook and shuddered in a hysteria of unwhimsical giggling.

Sonny picked a seat for him and his wife some distance from the backhouse. Sonny right the man could hear his spontaneous laughter and the laughter of the women. They were a happy couple. Sometimes Sonny would grab her and shake her in front of the boys until she collapsed helpless with laughter and ran away in giggling confusion. Other times he would push her up and down like a haystack. She thought he was Christmas, and every one knew it.

That included Brady. Whether he had his eye on the woman, in that place where a man saw little or nothing of women, or whether he met his manly to get his own back on Sonny, nobody could tell—but the fact was that he lost no time in getting friendly with her.

Sonny helped him, though he did not know it. Why should he suspect that he was taking for trouble? Brady he treated like a man. He took Brady over with him at nights, and they played cards or dominoes. From Sonny's wife, made her and sat in to the supper with them.

It was Sonny who took Brady's dirty clothes from him on Saturday and gave them to the woman to wash. When Sonny decided to make a small vegetable garden, Brady helped him to dig the soil and plant the seeds. The woman was there

all the time, working and talking.

It wasn't long before Brady had won the deep affection of Sonny's wife. More than that, there was passion in the looks she gave him. Still Sonny went about like a big happy innocent. He saw nothing wrong in leaving his wife alone in the tent with Brady while he went over to the bunkhouse for a pipe with the boys. When they chaffed him that Brady would be getting away with his women he shooked right, on, adding to the joke himself, covered with laughter.

"A prairie man lost silly then, did?" was all he said.

One day Brady, on some pretext, had to go back to the bunkhouse. He was away an hour. He did the same thing a week later, claiming that he was cracked in the inside. That time he didn't come back. When the men came in from the killing he was lying on his back, and Sonny's wife was sliding on a

box alongside. He said he felt like hell. He couldn't imagine what it was, some wag he must have picked up.

But he ate a good tea, smoked, and joined in the talk and laughter of the men.

Brady was laid up for two days with this mysterious sickness of his, and everybody was beginning to cotton on to the cause of it. Sonny, of course, except Sonny. Brady came back and worked out the rest of the week. On Monday he was in for another spine-bash that lasted three days.

It was too heavy for words. Big Sonny Hohopapa was being taken for a sucker good and proper, and he was too well liked for a thing like this to go on happening under his cherry big nose with him not able to get even a sniff of it. Nobody knew how deeply in the woman was, but it was pretty plain that her aim wasn't being refined. She

was in the maltinging plot with Brady, and she was putting it over Sonny, too.

Egged on by the rest of them, Cliff Cowboy told Sonny what they thought. As was usual, they expressed a great guffin, but Sonny's face didn't even twitch. He looked sidely at them. There was not even a glimmer of humor in his eyes. It was the first talking they got that he suspected something—had maybe suspected something all along.

Still nothing happened until this day of the storm.

They heard it coming before they saw it, a great thundershow howl in the forest. A grief of spirits, instantly, they knocked off and made back to the camp. Nobody had to be told of the dangers of a storm-tossed forest.

Brady and Sonny Hohopapa "meat" him. They pushed on quickly as the first few drops fell, as the wind stirred among the crowded trees and whirling the great tops drenched and waggled them in spite.

Sometimes the tremendous winds thrust the trees forward like a wave, their heights interwoven, and some do not tear back with the rebounding from they stay locked, split and tangled, and are ready for action like a set catapult triggered by the next violent blow.

That was how the vengeance fell that afternoon. Amid the din, the two men both heard the roaring explosion above them, the crashing cascade of branches and twigs in the path of the descending pagoda. They ran different ways. The great trunk drummed on the ground, quivering like a blade, and fell it struck Brady, sent him scurrying and fell across his back, pinning him fast. He squirmed, groaning.

Sonny Hohopapa ran up to him, stood there bent away. He stared in

My Blank was very interested in observation and took a course of masterly glacial treatment. He said that some years later and in due course his wife was confined. Suddenly Mr. Blank went to the hospital to enquire how his wife was and what was the child was. The nurse frowned. "Your wife is well, Mr. Blank," she said, "but I don't know what are your child is—it's clinging the chindachin."

the struggling man. Brady turned his head. "Help me!" he gasped. "I can't move. Do your stuff, Sonny."

The Moon squared on his forehead, Brady looked into his eyes, wondering. Then he knew Sonny Hohopapa hated him. His head dropped on the ground. He dragged the hands from his lungs. He looked up again, and there was a cunning gleam in his eyes.

"You great hard-bag," he jeered. "What have you been telling them Hohopapa. All about your great fear of strength. What a joke—and they tell for it."

"Shut your proddy mouth," Sonny Hohopapa said.

"You great mag—you couldn't lift a little bagen. You're all bluff. If you're as good as you're cracked up to be you'd hear this log off me. No trouble."

Suddenly, Sonny Hohopapa moved. He leaped over. He scooped his hands under one end of the saw-weight bagen. Brady yelped, kept plugging him in triumph, screaming.

The Moon brood himself, scowled. He lifted the log to the height of his waist. Then he dropped it, smiling.



"I volunteer to go for help."

# CAVALCADE

## HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BURRICH



UPPER FLOOR PLAN



LOWER FLOOR PLAN

Planned for a block of land that runs steeply from the road to the rear, this house reverses the usual order by having the living room upstairs for better views, cool breezes and privacy. Because of the rise in the ground the laundry door is on level ground again. The winter enters the house straight through a light airy hall from which an open stair takes him straight into the living room. This room opens onto two balconies, one for summer coolness, one for

winter warmth which also serves as a dining terrace. The kitchen is small but sufficient. The bedrooms are reasonably large and open to the north. Bedroom III has direct access to the outside, a convenience for a child's room whose friends can visit him without entering the house. The downstairs terrace makes a good wet weather play area.

Construction is brick and masonry plus 1 1/2" insulation.

Garage is located elsewhere.



#### AIRAGE

Mirages can be photographed. A camera is not as sensitive to colour as the eye, nor does it register as fully, therefore the photo will not be as clear as the impression on the eye. A mirage is caused by a bending of light rays, which come to the eye, not in a straight line, but in an arc. The bending is caused by a layer of hot and thinner air underlying colder and heavier air. Apart from the desert, mirages are commonly seen on black-top highways and can be seen even over water.

#### BEEN HERE BEFORE

How many times have you felt, when visiting a place for the first time that you have been there before? There is nothing supernatural in that, as many people believe. It is an illusion called pareidolia. Now it happens in this. You arrive at a strange place and immediately have your attention attracted. Upon glancing around again, you remember the scene you first glimpsed upon arrival, but which had not had time to register. Immediately you get the impression that you have been there before.

#### HERMES

Perhaps no asteroid has baffled astronomers as much as Hermes, which was discovered in 13 photographs of the night sky made at four observatories on the latter part of October, 1933. Up to the present day countless attempts have failed to rediscover and determine the orbit of this minor and known planet. Then, while it has never been seen by the human eye, it came within 673,000 miles of the earth, which is closer than any other planetary body on record.

#### SOARING STOCK

A rare 24 per cent. bond, issued in Holland in 1891 to raise funds for the repair of a dyke, is owned by the New York Stock Exchange. Being perpetual, the bond will not mature and is now worth \$148 American. It has never missed an interest payment in the whole 329 years it has existed.

#### THE GOOD OIL

A hospital in Memphis unexpectedly received a \$5,000 dollar gift from an aged oil man. He explained he owed it to the institution because he had been a charity patient there many years before.

MARCIA MUEWAN

## NEW LIVES FOR OLD

The days when a cripple was doomed to spend the rest of his life on a wheel is rapidly closing.



It happened on a summer's noon during the evening rush hour. No one, not even John A. knew quite how. One moment he was jostling with other workers for a foothold on the outside platform of the train, then he was falling, there was the roar and flash of spinning wheels, pain and moribund blackout.

For John A. it was the end of living. He was not killed but he felt he might just as well have been. What use in the world is a man in his mid-forties who has suddenly been deprived of both legs, his right arm and all but the thumb of his left hand? Limbless operating, the only trade he understood, was no longer for him and he was too old to learn a new trade even if

there were anybody willing to teach him. John applied for the lurching pension and tumbled into the refuge of his little home with only one hope . . . that he might not have many more years to wait.

Today, barely two years after his accident John holds down a full-time job and devotes his week-ends to his garden and minor repairs about the house.

The miracle was worked by a young Government department, the Civilian Rehabilitation Branch of Commonwealth Social Services. The busy slipping of the scheme for re-educating disabled servicemen, Civilian Rehabilitation is six years old this year and during its short existence has brought new life

and hope to thousands. His task is to fit the disabled for full-time occupations.

Rehabilitation first tested John A. through the Department of Social Services. He was just a name on one of the many invalid pensions' applications referred to them. John was asked to call at the New South Wales office in Sydney for an interview and medical examination.

From the moment of his acceptance John ceased to be a name on paper and became a very human and personal problem for the highly-trained staff who helped him to reconstruct his life. He was fitted with artificial legs and a back, for his right arm. Each day a special bus called at his home and transported him to a day centre where physio-therapists taught him to use his new limbs, walk, climb stairs, get on and off public transport.

Gradually John became confident of his movements. With the aid of his back and the strength of the left hand he was able to clothes himself and get anything he needed around the house instead of requesting the humiliation of being cared for like a baby.

But there was still a psychological problem. Unable to support his family, John felt he had let them down. His son, for whom he had planned University training, would have to get a job to support Dad's pension. His wife took over the home chores which had been his responsibility but, although she worked many hours much was left undone. The problem, John's special pride, became a wilderness of words.

The occupation therapist who had taught him to manage with his back and mangled hand undertook the extra task of designing special garden and household tools for John.

The result was that although he

was still on the pension eighteen months after his accident, John worked cheerfully around his home.

One day the vocational training officer with whom he had had long talks and whom he looked upon as his friend, telephoned "John, how would you like to go back to work in a printers'?"

A small job printer had been found who was willing to take John on for a three months trial as a copy reader. The trial was such a success that John now has a permanent job. No longer a pensioner he is the family householder once more. His plans for his boy's education will be fulfilled. Every day he travels to work by train and of all the commuters he is the one least likely to meet with an accident. He knows what confidence men do.

John is only one of ten thousand cases which have already been handled by the Civilian Rehabilitation branch. Cases are drawn from the Department of Social Services' list of invalid pensioners, and children benefits and tuberculosis allowance recipients. All applications are automatically referred to Rehabilitation and if there is a chance that a recipient—who must be 65 per cent. incapacitated before he can receive an allowance—can be put back into full-time employment, Rehab. takes the case.

Anything up to three years will be devoted to making one person fit physically, training him for a new occupation if necessary and placing him in a job. Pensions are paid during treatment and the treatment and appliances such as artificial limbs are paid for by the department.

In six years Rehabilitation treatment centres have been established in all States. There is nothing of the atmosphere of a hospital or in-

sultation about these centres. Many are gracious old houses set in lovely grounds and the very surroundings, giving a sense of peace and well-being, play their part in recovery.

A typical residential centre for women is a three-storey brick house on a tree-lined street of a quiet suburb. Nineteen handicapped girls live there in the case of a kindly housekeeper. Their quarters had rooms, with three and four beds at the most, have pastel coloured walls and bright covers and drapes. Each girl has her own reading lamp and dressing table. Each floor has a comfortable living room where they can read, knit or sew, listen to the radio or just gossip in the evenings. They make their own beds and do their washing in a laundry especially equipped to make things easier for the girl who wears iron trousers on her legs so is slowly regaining the use of a withered arm. Each day these women go to a nearby day centre for treatment and when they are able to return to the working world others are waiting to take their places.

All centres have a standard equipment for modern treatment: physio-therapy systems fitted out with the most up-to-date apparatus, occupational therapy workshops for anything from basket-weaving and pottery-making to metal-turning and carpentry. Therapists work under the supervision of the Department's doctors. Centres also have a sewing store in attendance and an education section for patients who are taking vocational training at the same time as their physical treatment.

Already N.S.W. has three centres, Melbourne has two, South Australia has one and Queensland and West Australia have one each. Melbourne, the W.A. centre, was an old

Army camp until rehabilitation of the buildings and grounds themselves transformed it into a local showplace and an efficient centre accommodating 55 patients.

A group of mixed housing buildings at Jervis Bay, N.S.W., was converted into a residential centre for men, but on a wooded hillside overlooking the sweeping sea-docks of the Bay, the Centre accommodates 81.

Harry N. was sent down to Jervis Bay for re-adjustment to his altered life discharge from a serviceman—an armed T.B. case.

Rehabilitation took over where the hospital finished. Immediately after his discharge Harry was packed off to Jervis Bay. During his leave hours he could swim, go on one of the many outings organised by the patients themselves, or do his bit with the Centre cricket team.

Physical culture sessions and occupational therapy built up Harry's health and resistance to fatigue so that each week he found himself able to work longer until he could go through a full day without tiring. The best treatment of all was his association with the other patients who went for more of them he.

At Jervis Bay he made his first real contact in six years with the world outside. Being a small community the Bay gives the disabled men an opportunity to mix with the healthy and helpful residents. Rehabilitants are often invited to social functions and in turn organize entertainment for the local people. It gives them confidence for their return to competitive life.

Three months after the beginning of his treatment, Harry N. was not only in a physical condition to undertake light work, but he was eager to have another go at life. His old union asked the employment

problem. On having Mary's case brought to their notice they agreed to take her for on-the-job training as a wheel driver.

Although the majority of cases require physical rehabilitation, there is sometimes a patient who requires more psychological treatment. Young Maria R.'s own doctor drew her problems to the attention of the Department. She had suffered all her nineteen years with a heart ailment which surgery finally rectified. But Maria had always been treated as an invalid. Even after her successful operation she continued to think of herself as such and her parents encouraged the notion.

She was, said a social worker, unable to do the most simple things for herself, and her personality was completely undeveloped. She was in such a bad way that she did not even take the pride in her appearance usual for girls of that age.

Attendance at a day centre took Maria away from the hampering influence of her parents. For a few months she was given occupational therapy, learning to knit, weave and dressmake. Soon she found she was as capable as the other women and as her confidence increased, her stunted personality began to unfold. She began to tidy herself, use make-up and take an interest in fashion and hair styles. Rehabilitation also arranged for her to complete her neglected education.

Today Maria, who looked forward to a lifetime of invalidism, is just yet one of the smart, young business girls off to the office each morning. When is more, she is engaged.

The medical and vocational phases of Rehabilitation are closely linked. The medical staff of the Centres see that a rehabilitation is as fit as his disabilities allow, assess physical and mental capabilities and hand them

findings over to the vocational officers who then, if necessary, arrange for training in suitable trades or professions. Where academic training is required it is arranged with the co-operation of the Department of Education. The work of Rehabilitation is not complete until a disabled person has been placed in full-time employment.

Employment for the physically disabled is no longer limited to driving a taxi. Since 1945 almost six thousand handicapped people have been put back into industry in occupations ranging from auto-mechanics, bookbinding, cabinet-making, radio-assembly and factory work, to structural work and over-the-counter selling.

Employers who have prompted the disabled have found they can compete satisfactorily with the able worker. Also the physically handicapped who finally get jobs will work hard to keep them. Business concern with two or three years' experience of disabled employees report that they are efficient and conscientious and less given to absenteeism or shuffling from one job to another than the worker who has never known severe handicap.

Rehabilitation figures show that of the cases handled during the past six years more than half have been placed in employment. Of these 66 per cent would have been permanent losses while the remainder have had the period they would have been without jobs and on sickness benefits reduced by as much as 40 per cent. By becoming wage-earners and taxpayers, rehabilitates pay back the cost of treatment in one and a half years of employment.

No statistic, however, can reduce up the renewed happiness, confidence and self-respect of the disabled man or woman who has been given a new life.

Pirates created havoc in Australia waters a century ago, many of them being escaped convicts.

FRANCIS MURRAY



## PIRATES STRUCK IN TASMANIA

According to one account, an old soldier named Cole had settled on the island, his son, aged 14, and his daughter, a fine "strapping wench" of 18, being the only other inhabitants. At 10 o'clock on a dark night, four men-of-war beached a whale-boat on the island. The boat had been previously used by them on their escape from Port Arthur.

Sooty Island has an area of about eight acres, and a house so it would not have been difficult to find in the dark. Cole and his daughter were sitting quietly by the fire and had no suspicion that four hard faces peered at them through the windows.

First warning came when the door was burst open, and four convicts jumped into the kitchen. The old man leaped to his feet, only to find himself strung upon the muzzle of a musket, the only weapon in possession of the pirates. The armed men and one other guarded Cole.

FOR a quarter of a century from about 1820, Van Diemen's Land suffered from a hazard of life that was inflicted in two instances only on the persons of the mainland. The hazard was piracy.

Two accounts are given of a fierce physical raid on Sooty Island, a small area close to Beauty Island, below Kinghorn Point in Kinghorn Bay, D'Entrecasteaux Channel. Neither gives an exact date or the number of the pirates. Other references suggest that the year was 1829.

This notice appeared at a cemetery during the last war. "Owing to unemployment difficulties, grave digging will be carried out by a skeleton staff."

\* \* \*

A man told the only reason his dwelling was not blown away in a recent tornado was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

while the other two compelled the girl and the men to lead the way to the stairs.

Cole saw a chance, though one that might well cost him and his family life. A cubic knife had dropped to the floor unattended when supper had been cleared. Waiting until the gambler's eyes left his momentarily, he jumped in, knuckled up the handle of the knife, scooped up the knife, and leaped at the second convict.

Cole drove the blade home, severely wounding the man, but the wound was nothing new. Cole did not have time to get the knife, he wrenched the knife free at the falling convict and drove it to the hilt in the body lurking at him. This man was so severely wounded that he died within a few days.

Before Cole could claim the stolen gun, the other two convicts rushed from the room, alarmed by the noise of the fight. Cole swung the knife again in a vicious slash at the leading man, but the blade was

drawn of flesh, and the rush startled the old man to his feet. The pistol pointed on him, one getting his small hand fingers in a deadly grip on Cole's wrist.

In despair, the girl attacked with anything that came to her hand, knocking pins and pins helplessly at the stranger, but the boy rushed for a more potent weapon. Among his father's trophies of war was a heavy Mannish Minuteman, Cole's knife had been blooded again, though not on the man gripping his throat. The boy put all his strength behind the swing of the stick he snatched at on the stranger's head, and the man sagged limply.

With the odds thus evened, the gamblers had had more than enough; they wanted only to escape, and Cole was too exhausted to do anything to stop them. They got away to the white boat, the more active helping the badly wounded, and got to sea, but they were captured next morning, one chained the gallows by dying of his wounds.

In the same category of piracy of relatively small boats were the pirates of the Lewis. These were their weapons from Port Arthur who made their way in a small, stolen boat to Lewis (Hawaii), where they were joined by Kelly Kree, a convict working as an angler, and daily expecting his ticket-to-leave.

After doing more robberies along the coast, the pirates seized the pilot boat at George Town, crossed from Suva, and landed at Point Noddy. They reached Melbourne, where two secured connections berths to reach their passage to England. Kree and the other were caught and condemned to death for piracy; the sentence was commuted to the living death of Norfolk Island.

In 1853, Dalton and Kelly, notori-

ous bushrangers, seized a whaleboat on the River Forth, but they hesitated to make the crossing at Ulverston, they attempted to seize the schooner, "Jane and Elizabeth", but a well-armed party of local residents had taken refuge in it and had seized the sailors' whaleboat.

A bargain was struck for the return of the whaleboat, and Dalton and Kelly reached Melbourne. Dalton boldly tried to ask some Van Diemen's Land men. He was arrested, as was Kelly later, both died at the end of ropes in Eastern Australia, on April 23, 1853.

More dramatic, but still in the escape category, was the career of the "Dove" at Wympod, in 1842. Fishermen's men, Bradley, and convict, O'Connor, talked from Suva, determined on vengeance and bushranging. They robbed and wounded on hold-ups on their way to Wympod, and they seized a haul of 1200 sovereigns when a mailboat, known as Paddy the Trinder, captured of their guns, talked before they were within shooting range.

They were drinking in Wympod when police arrived looking for them. They moved to the "Dove", a small schooner ready to put to sea with a load of timber for Port Alberton. Goppsland Bradley held the master under his gun, while O'Connor kept the police back until the boat sailed. Under threat of death, the master landed them near Port Alberton.

They were free in a free land, but O'Connor murdered a ploughman in order to avoid his arrest. A young man on a blood horse beat the dauntless horse to Melbourne, and police were waiting for the murderers at Cardiff. Bradley surrendered without firing a shot, but O'Connor talked, armed with a single-barrelled gun. A trooper ran him down, he noted his to drive

O'Connor's dog, then he closed in and killed him with the flat of his sword. They were hanged in Melbourne for the Goppsland murder.

In an earlier era, female convicts on the "Jane Shore" conspired the allegiance of the sailors and soldiers who joined the convicts in mutiny. A prison hall witnessed the opposition of the captain, and the ship sailed for South American waters, it disappeared from official records, being disguised by the black flag showing the cross bones and skull of piracy.

Misquaine Harbison Agnes in two noted pirates. On a voyage from the "Nippon", convict Swallow led a mutiny, seizing the ship. They reached the Friendly Islands, Japan, and China, in Canton they posed as shipwrecked sailors and were given free passage to England. A fellow-convict, Poppy, recognized some of the seafarers in England and returned of three captured, two were hanged in England, while Swallow was returned to Port Arthur, where he died.

When Misquaine Harbison was being shrouded in a penal settlement early in 1854, 10 convicts, their soldier guards, David Hay, a ship's weight, and Price Taw, master of the 120-ton "Frederick", conspired the mutiny. They were ready to leave on January 11, the king being then practically completed, Hay had built it with convict labor.

A friendly atmosphere prevailed among the mutiny. When bad weather delayed the departure, Taw allowed the prisoners ashore to wash their clothing, while two of the soldiers went fishing, two remaining on board. The convicts returned in good spirits, and one of the guards was forced to the forecabin by their singing. He was seized and disarmed, and the convicts took possession of the ship.



May, Taw, and the soldiers were put ashore with ample provisions, and the "Fredrick" put out through Bell's Gate under the command of John Barker, an ensign, elected as captain. John Felt was mate and several of the convicts had been sailors. Possibly they intended to continue to pillage along the South American coast, but, after a hazardous voyage, the brig was unexpectedly when they reached Valdivia.

Barker (occasionally referred to as Baker) proved himself as good a plunderer as a mariner. He appealed to the Governor, putting forward the threatened claim that he and his shipmates had been martyrs in a cause and stating the true facts of the capture; if won a permission to sail in the Chilean province. Many of the convicts married, Barker, his wife, and children being occasional honored guests of the Governor.

J.M.S. "Hensel", under Commodore Mason, sailed to take the prison, but the Chileans drove back the armed boat that put out for the shore. However, Mason returned again, knowing that a new Governor was not so favorable to the convicts. Barker and three others, realizing that the game was nearly played out, had negotiated for sanctuary, offering to build a boat for the Governor. They did, but they escaped as it as soon as it was finished. The Governor surrounded the others to Mason.

At the trial in England, one of the prisoners rebelled a legal point. He claimed that, as the "Fredrick" had not been completely built, it was not a legal ship, but merely a raft, ropes, and raft, therefore, the crime was theft, not piracy. An appeal upheld the point, but they were found guilty on the lesser count and dispatched to Port Arthur to end their days. Barker and his

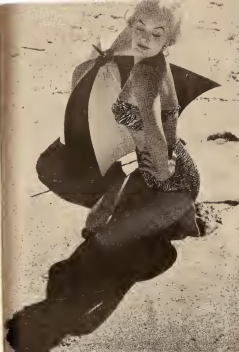
three mates sailed from second.

In addition to Bolton and Kelly, other notable, or notorious, Van Diemen's Land bushrangers either participated or attempted piracy at some stage in their careers. Brady commenced his career of banditry, when, with two other convicts, he piloted a whale-boat at Macquarie Harbour, in June, 1825.

Later in 1825, Brady perpetrated his outstanding piracy by sailing the "Blasphemy Mast". When he was found to abandon that boat, he piloted a sloop, but bad weather thwarted his attempt to escape from the colony to the islands of Bass Strait, where it was presumed, he would have thrown to his lot with the "Kraakman", a broken, loosely connected band of sailors and outlaws, mainly escaped convicts and deserters, who made the islands of the Strait their home.

Early in his career, Mike Howe, who, attempted piracy, presumably in the hope of escape from the colony. In the first pamphlet printed in Van Diemen's Land, Howe was referred to as "The last and the worst of the bushrangers". There were many to follow his pattern, for he operated in the second decade of the century. One of his first acts on taking to the bush was to sail New Norfolk, where, a month later, he tried to seize the "Geordy". Cuthbert, the owner, was killed, and O'Brien, the captain, was wounded while defending the vessel. Other sailors drove off the south-by piracy.

While most of those referred to, and dozens of other small-scale Tasmanian pirates ended life at the end of a rope, the old soldier, Cole, was rewarded for his part in the strike failed episode. He was given a grant of the island, was free during his life and that of his wife. Mrs. Cole was still living there in June 1870.



# CAESAR'S UNCLE influenced history

Colas Marcius influenced history by his meeting of his nephew. History also recognizes him for another reason

ONE afternoon over 2000 years ago, a tall elderly Roman was sitting despondently in a house at Minturnae, in the province of Latium, a large district of which Rome was the centre. But behind the misery the owner of the house detected defiance and hatred in the Roman's eyes.

For days he had been wandering alone along the marshy coast of Latium, those same Pontine Marshes associated thousands of years later with a certain human building.

The fugitive's name was Colas Marcius.

As the afternoon light began to wellow into evening Marcius turned to the fishermen who had given him refuge, and said, "The brutes! But the gods will not allow Gaius Marcius to be killed or captured. Of that I am sure."

The fishermen looked out of the door, and gave a sudden start. Approaching the house was a soldier, with sword in hand clearly poised with a lethal intent.

The soldier entered, like an executioner whose mission was to be quick and sure. But Gaius Marcius did not flinch.

The shining blade was turned in the direction of the thick Roman neck. But it passed. Gaius Marcius pulled himself erect, to the full stretch of his six feet of stature, and with blazing, terrible eyes, he



SPENCER LEWING

hypothesized his would-be executioner: "Man, darest thou murder Gaius Marcius?" he demanded, in a voice that shook the door frame of the soldier like a grove in the wind.

The soldier (a Glorif) shrank from his victim's terrible gaze, threw down his sword, and rushed out of the house. . . .

Proud of their brave refugee, the inhabitants of Minturnae took compasses on Marcius, and placed him on board a ship for Africa, where he landed in safety at Carthage. But not for long.

The Roman governor at Carthage had sent an officer with orders that Marcius must leave the country.

Marcius left the famed North African city and returned to Italy where, somewhat unexpectedly, he found himself acclaimed, and with his ex-patriot Clodia he entered Rome in triumph, as the people's hero. But the patricians or aristocrats frowned and glared.

Then followed one of the most sanguinary crises ever known in the Eternal City. The patricians of Marcius and Clodia gloated over the triumphant return to Rome, and to celebrate the occasion they stabbed everyone who did not salute. The streets of Rome ran with blood of the nobler Roman aristocracy, and of folk who just stared and failed to raise a hand.

This was the climax—and very nearly the end of the career of Gaius Marcius, a man of remarkable quality who deserves a special notice in the hall of fame.

He was born in a village near Arpinum, Italy, in 185 B.C., of obscure parents. His father was a small farmer. Arpinum could be doubly proud, because the great Cicero also was born in that village.

Rome at that time had conquered the known world, and her legions were everywhere, governing and quelling at the point of the sword.

Beginning life as a ploughboy, Marcius was soon distinguished with the glamour of soldiering, and at the

age of 21 he was fighting in Spain under the invincible Roman patrician and general Scipio Africanus, whose good opinion he won, so much so that Scipio promoted him to be an officer. For a pluck to become that was a very rare thing in the Roman Empire.

Though commanding a soldier at heart, and in fact, Marcius began to cast covetous eyes on politics. He was shrewd and ambitious, and he saw many cracks in the Roman political armour which might provide him with his chance.

When 33 he was elected tribune of the plebs—the people's party. That was the first rung on the ladder of political power.

A year or two later he married Julia, a lady of patrician rank, sister of Gaius Julius Caesar, who was the father of the great dictator of Rome and the world.

His marriage raised Marcius from the highest circles. Yet, being a man of pluck and simple tastes, and a pluck by birth, he remained a great favourite with the people. They regarded him as one of themselves.

Immediately following his marriage he was elected praetor, but Marcius did not remain long a politician. The long-drag Roman Empire was teeming with trouble which the sword could suppress. Marcius was a soldier first, and a diplomat second.

First, he was dispatched to Spain to check menacing raids of a number of wild tribes.

Then Marcius turned to subjugate Africa where, under Quintus Metellus, he made war on one of his fellow countrymen, Jugurtha by name, who had become a stampot and a traitor to Rome. Again Marcius triumphed, captured Jugurtha, and escorted him to Rome, where the traitor was thrown into a dungeon

and allowed to survive to death.

By then time Marins was recognized as the ablest Roman general of the day. Whatever he undertook he did thoroughly and well. When a little over 50, he was elected consul, and was given a large province, that of Numidia, to govern.

But further and more formidable battles lay immediately ahead. Rome was being threatened from the north of the Alps by the Carthians and Teutons (both Celtic tribes in Germany).

Agree Consul and General Caius Marins was called in. The seasoned old warrior who had begun life as a ploughboy mastered a well-disciplined army out of unimpressive material and a demoralized soldiery, and he induced two decisive defeats on the threatening barbarians.

Marins was hailed as the savior of his country and empire, and was honored with unprecedented splendor.

In his house in Rome Marins talked to his wife Julia, of his campaigns and triumphs, and his future hopes.

Julia interrupted.

"You are getting old, Marins. Disparage with the sword and write down, my dear. Besides, there is young Marins to think about."

A young Roman stood by, looking at the rugged warrior with worship in his eyes. He was only an adopted son. They had no children of their own.

A few moments later, another young Roman came walking towards the patio, past the olive grove and cypress.

"Hi, Julia," the old warrior said. "Well met."

Marins looked at his nephew, and went on: "I was a ploughboy once. Now I am a consul and a general. Be ambitious, Julia. You have it in you. You are a politician. But always remember that it is the

people that count. Remember that."

Julius looked straight into his uncle's eyes, and pulled himself erect. Maybe it was at that moment that he made up his mind to mind on what his future was to be. History told the rest of his story.

Caius Marins, senator, flung the long drapery of his purple toga over his shoulder, and went out, to transact certain business and receive further acknowledgments.

But his further hours of glory were not many. As happens so often in the history of great men, the green eye of the yellow god was peering very brightly with fate and envy in Marins's direction.

An ambitious Roman named Mithridates had made himself master of the Roman province of Asia, and had ordered all the Roman and Italian citizens in Asia to be massacred.

To the historic annoyance of Marins, the Senate appointed his old rival and enemy Sulla to command the army which was to liquidate Mithridates.

Caius Marins went to the Roman Forum and addressed the people of Rome. Without a dissentient they voted him to be commander in the campaign against the Asiatic.

But Roman law was the law of the Senate, and Caius Marins found himself a commander by popular vote, but without an army. That had already gone marching off towards Greece and into Asia, under Sulla's leadership.

Sulla's campaign was successful. When it was over, he heard about the escapes of his command by popular vote. So he marched on Rome with his army, to dispose of his rival. . . .

And that was where we came in. Marins had no alternative but to become a fugitive.

The Roman adventurer, man of

great ambitions, and brave as a lion, through sometimes treachery, had been regarded as another Romanus (the founder of Rome).

In two ways he was the architect of things to come.

Caius Marins was the first man in history to exchange a chain militia — a spare time army — for professional soldiery. He founded a standing army the members of which had no trade but war.

Being a man of the people by birth, he used street riots and mob violence to supplement his work, but always by subtle means.

His work in founding a standing army paved the way for subsequent military imperialism and the consolidation for centuries of the Roman Empire. The idea stuck, with results that we all know.

Caius Marins did something else which, as it turned out, had a bearing on the future of mankind. He set a pattern for his young nephew,

the man who was to rule the globe. Britain included, and on the end on law, order, and progress.

Marins was 70 years of age when he died of pleurisy. His nephew had learnt much from him, not only as a soldier, but as a politician.

Julius was a politician, and ruthless diplomat. As he sat in the patio listening to and studying his uncle's hints, Julius took it all in, and later improved upon the old man's theories and methods. Being a politician by birth, Julius Caesar had advantages over his aunt's politician husband of which he was to make full use.

Julius Caesar always thought of the people, even in his most of imperial moments. At heart he was a popular party man, even though dictatorship became an unavoidable necessity. These inclinations, without doubt, he derived from his uncle, Caius Marins, who must be recorded as one of the great pioneers of democracy.

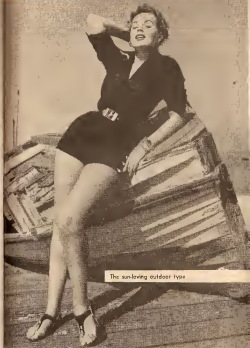


"Just checking."

# Patterns of Pulchritude



The exotic Indian type



The sun-bathing outdoor type

Indoor or outdoor,  
it's the same to her.



"Let's get this over;  
I want to swim."

# PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE

Nothing could come between Sam Boardman and his vengeance — nothing but a little thing called murder!

FLETCHER FLORA



HE walked past the elevators to the stairs because he was going only three flights up, and he found at the last minute that he wanted to postpone his arrival as long as possible. On the third floor, in front of the flowered glass that bore the gold leaf name of Julius Kimmel, Attorney-at-Law, he stopped to light a cigarette. He pulled smoke deep into his lungs, telling himself that everything would be all right, that everything would work out in the end. Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

A blonde secretaries looked at him with cool blue eyes in harlequin frames. Glamour under glass, he thought, moving over to her desk.

Keeping something fresh for other hours.

"I'm Sam Boardman," he said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Kimmel."

"Oh, yes." She brought the words up from the warm, moist depths of her throat. "Mr. Kimmel's expecting you. You're so go right on."

She got up to open Kimmel's private door for him, and he remarked in an unimportant sort of way the esthetic waste of keeping her behind a desk. Fanning her, he caught the elusive scent of her perfume and found it vaguely disturbing.

"Here's Mr. Boardman, Mr. Kimmel," she said.

As the door closed softly behind him, he looked across the room at the man who was rising from behind his desk to meet him. The inspection was slightly disappointing. He didn't know what he had expected of Kimmel, but it was something more than this grey, spindly man with a thin, bloodless face wearing wrinkles like a mask. As Kimmel came down, Boardman saw that the skin of the face was dry as parchment, covered with a complex network of tiny cracks. So, he thought, this is Julius Kimmel. The great Julius Kimmel. The best trial lawyer since Harrow, without Harrow's handicap of asthma. He considered it interesting that Kimmel's voice was the real expression of his face, like the dry rattle of old pipes.

"How are you, Mr. Boardman? Do you know Mr. Weller?"

Boardman said he didn't, which wasn't quite true. Everyone knew Garman Weller by reputation, just as everyone knew Kimmel. Just as everyone knew Chester Dallas, who employed them both, who even now, in the lobbies of the city police, was the divisive force behind their actions. Tall and hair and cold as stone, that was Garman Weller. A killer by trade and taste. He looked at Boardman and nodded. His eyes were sleepy.

Boardman felt faint rubber giving gently beneath him. He hung his hat on one knee and watched Kimmel resume his chair behind the desk. The grey little lawyer leaned back, his lids dipping as if from their own weight over his tired eyes.

"On the telephone, you said you have something to communicate which is of importance to the welfare of my client."

"Yes. To Chester Dallas, that is."

"We appreciate your interest of course. However, Mr. Dallas's welfare

is pretty well under control."

"He's in jail. Indicted for murder."

The heavy lids and the thin shoulders tilted in unison, as if Kimmel were dragging himself awake.

"The District Attorney has over-estimated himself. There was no hidden door to you. He had nothing but the different kind of circumstantial evidence. He'll never get a conviction on this kind of stuff." Kimmel permitted whisper of a smile, laughter to stir past his lips. "Right now, he's waiting for this indictment had never been returned."

Boardman lifted his gaze, staring carefully beyond the lawyer to a Gauguin print on the wall. The vivid splash of colour seemed strangely incongruous as background for the man at the desk. He wondered if it represented the vicarious release of the lawyer's soul, the framed symbol of freedom as a man chained to a second long gaze that had seen.

"If he had new evidence, it might change the prospect," Boardman said.

"That would depend on the nature of the evidence."

Boardman kept his eyes on the Gauguin, but now he looked through it into the dark second story hall of the house where he had a room, just as he had looked into the hall through the crack of his door the morning Arthur Harper was killed.

ARCHER and Boardman had been friends for a long time. It was a friendship that went back to summer days and fishing poles and the bright dreams of kids. Most of the dreams had passed, but not the friendship. It had survived depression and war and all their years.

There had been a time, after an accident, when Boardman had spent weeks in a hospital. It was a time

when he could not afford it, and Archie had paid the freight. He'd paid it gladly, as great satisfaction as the privilege of a friend. Now Archie was dead, but the friendship was not. Neither the friendship nor the shipments and privileges that were Boardman's alone.

Archie had died a coincidence, minus even the small final dignity of intent. He'd slipped out of the bathroom at the end of the hall just as the men they had known in the house as Smith had slipped into the hall down his room. It was unfortunate that Archie was in the line of fire. The spray of lead that cut down Smith had cut Archie, too. It was regrettable, of course, but unavoidable.

They'd learned, after the police came, that Smith's real name was Chapman. That Chet Dallas had been looking for him to clear up an area of unfinisbed business. But only Boardman, who had known Archie's friend, had seen the shadowy figure emerge from the corridor beyond the head of the stairs. Only Boardman remembered the white face of Chet Dallas above spouting flame. It must have been some business, to make Dallas finish it personally. Some deep important satisfaction to a man's sense of pride.

In his chair, Boardman shifted his weight, blurring the vision. "I was thinking of an eyewitness," he said.

For a moment no one moved. The tropical splash on the wall seemed to gather light, poking with hidden, anxious life. The height others bent Boardman's eyes, and he looked away.

"If the District Attorney were keeping a witness under wraps, I'd know about it," Kimmel said.

"Sure," Boardman felt a worming up of impatience, suddenly anxious to have it in the open. "I didn't say the District Attorney had

been under wraps. I didn't say anyone had him."

The flat voice of Cannon Waller took it up. "You sound like a guy with something to sell. Maybe you'd better talk straight."

"Okay. I live in the house where Chapman and Harper were killed. I had started to go into the bathroom that morning. I got as far as a crack in the door. It was far enough to see what happened."

"That doesn't mean anything, unless you are who made it happen."

"I am that, too, Percy."

"Percy? That's an interesting word. Real interesting."

"I saw the face of Chet Dallas. There were two other men. I don't know who they were. I didn't get a good look at them."

There was a tangible easing of tension in Waller's attitude. A real and gradual relaxation. "That's one too bad," he said.

Kimmel selected a cigar from a humidor and went through the precise business of clipping and lighting it. The thick, aromatic smoke of rich tobacco drifted lazily from his thin lips.

"The police men have talked to you. They talked to everyone in the house. Why didn't you tell them what you saw?"

"Maybe I figured it wasn't healthy."

"Nonsense. They'd have given you protection."

"For the rest of my life?"

Kimmel's eyes flicked up, following the drift of smoke. "That's a point. But you're not making sense. Coming here like this, I mean. A frightened man keeps quiet. Why put the finger on yourself?"

Boardman shrugged. "I was just suggesting a possibility. Actually, I don't frighten so easily. The truth is, the police don't have anything to offer but a merit badge for good

citizenship. Do you get what I mean?"

Waller's hard laugh cut across the exchange. "Like I said, something to sell. A smart operator shooting angles."

Kimmel made a soft gesture for control. "No call for personalities, Cannon. Mr. Boardman has apparently come here with a proposition. I think it's only fair to leave his terms."

"They're simple," Boardman said blandly. "A small spot somewhere in the organization for steady income. A bonus in cash. Say ten grand."

"In return for what? Not on reasonable Payable terms?"

"After the acquittal," replied Sam.

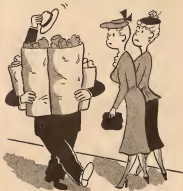
"You realize that Mr. Dallas is the arbiter in these matters?"

"Sure. I think he'll know a good deal."

A black little smile creased across Kimmel's lips. "I think so, too," he said. "In the meantime, between now and the acquittal, suppose you consider yourself one point. Just to protect you from further molestation by the police, let's say."

Cannon Waller stood, stretching like a lean cat. His pale eyes, measuring Boardman, seemed to speculate on future pleasure, probably denied.

"Where do we keep the guy?"



"I think Mr. Boardman might enjoy the lodge. It's comfortable there, even this time of year. It would be wise, I feel, Carmen, if you were to run him up tonight. You will remain to keep him company, of course."

"Kate's at the lodge. She went up when Char was headed in."

"So she is. Well, so much the better. A woman as beautiful as Kate is always a pleasant companion."

Boardman got his feet under him and elevated his big body. There was a hand band around his throat, a dot somewhere in his respiratory system just where the air moved with pain and difficulty. Beneath the oppression, he recognized the reality of his imprisonment. But that was as he expected. The beginning was his, and maybe the ending would be his, and in the meantime he'd go along to see.

"I have no toilet articles," he said. "No change of clothing."

Kenned dismissed the delinquency with a gesture. "You'll find the lodge well supplied. Anything lacking can be sent up to you."

Boardman grinned and said dryly, "Thanks. Thanks very much."

He accepted the lawyer's dry hand and moved the outer office shed of Weller. The blonde receptionist watched them filly through hinged frames. Outside on the sidewalk, Boardman looked at his watch and saw it was after five o'clock. The winter day was already fading in early dusk, and here and there along the street the lights were coming up.

Weller indicated a green Roadmaster at the front, and Boardman crowded in. He lay back with his head against the upholstery, closing his eyes, lulled by the drive of the powerful engine, his tired body lulled by the bold motion of the big chassis. Occasionally he opened

his eyes briefly to catch the halidom-scented flash of light beyond the window. After a while he opened them to darkness and realized that they had left the city behind them.

He tried to keep his mind blank, to let sleep creep into vacancy, but he kept seeing the end of Archie Harper in that dreary hall. Archie, turning from the bathroom door with an expression of almost ludicrous surprise on his good, round face when the first door cracked. The agony and bewilderment when the wild man took him. The slow collapse, his body sliding away from the door and down, his fingers clenching his bloody middle. An accident. A guy who just happened to be around. You couldn't even count him in the official killing score.

THE murder, Boardman felt, had laid upon him a dual obligation. Not just vengeance for Archie Vengance also, even primarily, for himself. Vengance for the wrong done him, one of the integral elements of his own personality. His conception had become a little warped. Perhaps a little mad.

Behind Boardman's lowered lids, the familiar red fire screen, his eyeballs and shuddered rage tore at his chest. He lay back quietly beside Weller, waiting for the fire to blink.

After a long time, he slept. When he awoke, the clock on the dash was almost two hours past midnight. A moon had risen, lighting the lines of ancient barnacles and the black, naked gathering of wreck cars. They were driving through the baselessly ancient remains of Palmetto country that had lifted rugged peaks over four million years ago.

Now, the peaks were tired, recumbent hills, old even by the standards of geologic time. Old, Board-

man thought, even by the measures of evil, which is, after all, a human concept and an infant on earth. He closed his eyes again and did not open them until the Roadmaster turned suddenly, made a sharp, rough check in second gear, and came to an abrupt halt.

The lodge was long and low, constructed of brown logs, clinging to the side of the hill like an undigested growth. They went up across a patch that stretched the entire face of the structure and from which the screens had been removed for the winter. Weller's knuckles made little impressions on the dark oak door, and he hurried with the butt of his automatic until they heard the rattle of the lock within. The door swung open to reveal a short, bloody woman in a blue wool robe. Her gray hair was twisted tightly in curls. Weller's footed from her eyes as the surprised Weller's blonde face.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

Weller laughed, moving in. "Thanks for the welcome, Annie. You've got pretty. Couple of men to bring things up. Where's Kate?"

"Is Kate? Where else would she be this time of night?"

"It's two-thirty. Is that late for Kate?"

"In these hills, it's late. I suppose you'll want a drink if you do. Everything's in the kitchen."

"Thanks, honey," Weller turned to Boardman, his pale eyes blank. "How about you?" And Boardman was aware with a small twist of amazement that they had ridden together almost all night without exchanging a word.

"No," he said. "No, thanks, I'd like to get to bed."

Weller turned away. "Annie'll show you where."

The room was large and warm, and the bed was soft. Boardman

found some pyjamas in the closet and, trying them on, discovered that they were a near fit. Slipping the minor residue preliminary to undressing, he slipped between blankets and felt the luxurious warmth adjust itself to the contours of his body. The map in the Roadmaster had done little to ally the exhaustion that had been coming into his bones for days, and his mind, relaxing, drifted from into darkness almost immediately.

He awoke late the next morning, snapping abruptly out of sleep to consciousness of his environment. Exploring, he found that one of the three doors in his room opened into a private bath. In the medicine cabinet, he found the necessary supplies for a shower, including a soapsuds still in its cellophane wrap. He showered and shaved and used the brush, wondering how much Char Dallas took in the power plant and the pumps that went whirring under the place clock.

In the living room, Carmen Weller was on his back in an easy chair beside a fireplace of natural stone. He glanced lazily at Boardman and returned without speaking to a morose scrutiny of his polished shoes. Against the wall beside the fireplace was a huge radio-phonograph combination. A woman was leaning against the cabinet, staring down upon a spinning platter that sent the entry swamps of a rumba pulsing through the room.

She was wearing a red and ochre sweater tucked into black flared slacks. Red smocks were on her feet. Her nails were painted the same color as the smocks. Her hair was black, pulled back into a knot on her neck, and it indicated in its highlights a bushy branching ritual. The woman glanced at Boardman and shifted the glasses to Weller, waiting for an introduction. When



it didn't come, she said, "I'm Kate Adams. There's breakfast in the kitchen."

Boardman nodded. "I'm Boardman. Sam Boardman. Thanks."

He moved into the kitchen and found the woman called Angie. Not affable, but cordial enough, she supplied him with coffee, eggs and bacon. He was hungry and ate heartily, lingering over the coffee and a couple of cigarettes. He noticed after a while that there was a glass-enclosed porch beyond the kitchen. Glancing the fire of his second cigarette in his mouth, he got up and went out.

The porch was a kind of supply room for hunting and fishing equipment. A variety of fly rods. Lures, glass and all kinds of tackle. On racks on one wall was a selection of guns. Boardman went over and lifted one down. Automatic shotgun, 12-gauge and a beauty, perfectly balanced. He ran a hand along the shining stock and fitted it to his shoulder, sighting through the glass. "Figuring to do some hunting?"

Kate Adams closed the kitchen door behind her, leaning against it. Her breast rose against the red cushions, and Boardman gave her pollen for beauty, even in the washed, brutal light of the porch. He passed a pipe on to Mr. Lips and replaced the shotgun.

"No. Just lady fingers."

"You like guns?"

"I used to like them."

"If you want to try it sometime, there are shells in the drawer of the chest there."

"Thanks. Maybe later."

She dug a cigarette out of her slacks, and he stepped forward to strike a light. The smell of her was blotted by tobacco smoke, and he counted it a loss.

"So you're the guy who just walked in and put the boys on a

spot," she said. "You're got either a surplus of guts or a deficiency of brains. Which?"

He shrugged. "Make a choice."

She laughed smugly and let it drift out. "When I heard it from Carmen, I was for soup. Now I'm not sure."

"I've got a remarkable item. What's wrong with calling it?"

"Sure. What's wrong?"

JOE went past him to the glass and stood staring out. Behind her he admired the way her waist pinched in, her hips swelling just so. "You lived in the house where it happened?"

"That's right."

"You know the guy who was killed?"

"We called him Smith. His name was Chapman. That's all I know."

"I don't mean him. The other one."

He remained quiet for a time, fighting the familiar reaction, making the truth behind the denial his. Until he saw her head turn slightly, waiting to catch his answer.

"We passed on the stairs. Sometimes we waited for each other on opposite sides of the bathroom door. You know how it is in a house like that. Just people."

"You saw it happen?"

"I told I have a remarkable item."

"You must be a pretty cool calculation. Not getting noble. Not talking. Not crying if that pays."

"Pay? Pay who, honey? Harper. He's the only one who has any pay coming, and he's dead."

She was silent, red and black against cold crystal. Finally she laughed, and there was something in the laugh, something bitter on the tongue, that went beyond Archie Harper and beyond Boardman. Back through a lot of nice things that had happened.

**YOUR FORD DEALER SAYS :  
"Take these keys  
and Test-Drive . . .  
and you'll know**

**YOUR BEST BUY  
IS FORD - BUILT**

No matter whether it's a car, utility, truck or tractor, Ford means most for your money. You get the latest features first from Ford . . . you buy at lower prices . . . and your Ford Dealer's specialized factory-trained service, less you maintain your Ford-built vehicle at top economy at minimum cost.



Visit to the FORD SHOW on any of the 42 locations in the nation-wide weekly broadcasts

THIS IS THE FORD-BUILT  
RANGE OF VALUE LEADERS

- Ford V8 Customline Sedan
- Zephyrus Sedan (below)
- Comet, V8-60 h.p. Sedan
- Prefect 40 h.p. Sedan
- Anglia 16 h.p. Sedan
- Ford V8 Mustang Coupe Utility
- Ford 19 h.p. Utility
- Ford 10-50 Van
- Ford V8 Trucks — 15 cwt. to 5 tons
- Fordson Model Tractors — Diesel or Kerosene



Kate moved toward her bedchamber. "Chet!" went to catch her. "We'll be up all night, I think I'll lie down for a while."

Weller got on to his work again, and Boardman was still, thinking that he had been looking for an end, and here it was. After a while, he got up and went out to see if the shotgun shells were still in the chest on the porch.

TIME crept. Weller sat on his work, all-year. Kate Adrian stayed in her room. The woman Annie did things in the kitchen. Just before the advent of the first dark, Boardman put on a coat and walked down to the stream. Weller made no motion to stop him. After all, where was there to go?

It was like Kate had described it, the stream by black, even in the beginning dark, and swift, wearing a border of thin ice along its banks. A nice spot, Boardman thought, to sit a by when the scrub oak was green on the hills, and leaves formed a walk above the water. He walked down-stream half a mile, perhaps, and turned back. It was almost dark when he met Kate Adrian.

She was standing on the bank, hands jammed into the pockets of her slacks, staring at the swim. She was dressed as she had been the morning of Boardman's arrest, except for a pea jacket and heavy socks under the slacks. She looked as if she were waiting for someone, and Boardman mentioned it. "I am," she said. "For you."

You could have waded in the ledge."

"I could have, I didn't. I wanted to ask you privately if you're as big a fool as you're acting."

He shrugged. "Probably. You asked me something like that before."

Shadows of dark were across her face. "Look, I don't know why I concern myself. Maybe because you damn a smooth number. You think you've got a deal?"

"It looks like it."

"See what I meant like a fool. Chet's required. He can't be asked again, no matter how much asking you do. It's a little money called double jeopardy. Your goods were perishable, man. They've lost their value. You should have collected in advance."

He laughed. "Maybe I'm a fool, but I'm not that big a one. Dollars was tried for the murder of a guy named Chapman. There's still the murder a guy named Harper. Remember?"

Turning to look again at the water, now hardly more than a sound in the darkness, he said, "So you've thought of that."

"Yes."

"No base. It's a very important angle. It makes you a terrorist. It makes Chet vulnerable. He won't like it."

"Call it a calculated risk."

She stared, began walking up stream. "Okay. At least I tried."

He tossed his pack behind her, taking her roughly by a shoulder and spinning her back into his arms.

## YOU MAY HAVE LIVED ON EARTH BEFORE!

*New places, or people you pass in the street, may seem oddly familiar to you. Have you known them in a previous life?*

You wonder why you are living on earth today and for what purpose you are here. Certain secrets of life and mental development cannot be divulged indiscriminately. If you sincerely feel the need for instruction in the use of your higher creative endowments, you have reached the stage where the Rosicrucian teachings will be of practical value to you in your everyday life. Learn how to quickly imprint your personality on others, to better your business and social position.

Use your own naturally endowed powers to achieve results you now think unattainable in your present state of untrained and undeveloped endeavor. Simple Rosicrucian teachings enable intelligent men and women to rise to new heights of achievement, new freedom, new contentment in life.

Devoted to the attainment of the true Brotherhood of Mankind, The Rosicrucians are a Non-Sectarian, Non-Political, Non-Profit Making Fraternity.

You are invited, though not urged, to write for the free 32-page book—"The Mastery of Life," which has been written to give readers an outline of the world-wide scope and history of this non-commercial Fraternity.

This invitation is not to be taken as an assurance that every applicant receives "The Mastery of Life" will be approved for membership by the Dean of Students.

Please use the coupon below or write me:

SCREEN 1A1

**The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)**

BOX 288, O.F.O.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Box 198, O.F.O., Sydney, Australia

Please send me, without cost, the book "THE MASTERY OF LIFE."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

If you'd taken **Schumann's** this morning, you'd be feeling much better NOW!

BIBBLED SPRING SALTS

5132

hearing the rumble, it had been knee free and easy. Now it was different, closed up and locked tight.

After a while, she said, "Was that a way of saying thanks for trying?" "It was a way of finding out what I've earned. Now I know. Maybe you'd better go up ahead of me. I'll be along."

He let her go, going last time. Ten minutes later, in his room, he turned on a lamp beside his bed and lay down. He lay there for a long time perfectly still, trying not to think, trying to reduce by immobility the hyperactivity of his heart, and when the woman Anna came to call him to dinner, he protested that he was asleep and did not hear.

Then he must have slept in reality, because his eyes were suddenly wide open, and he was aware that it was after ten o'clock. He thought that he must have been awakened by a sound, and after a moment he heard it again—a beat on the door coming up the steep hill from the road.

He got up quickly and went into the bathroom, splashing his face and the back of his neck with cold water. When he went out of his room, he saw Walker and Kate Arden standing at the open front door like a well-wishing connection. Their backs were turned. Neither saw him as he went on through the living room, through the dark kitchen, on to the porch at the rear. In darkness, he lifted down the 12-gauge automatic and loaded it with shells from the chest. Then he went over to the kitchen door, cracked it open, and waited quietly.

He could hear voices in the living room—Kate's, Walker's, Kamek's, and a fourth which had to belong to Dallas. Pushing the door open, he moved inside and stood beside the kitchen table. The voices were more

distinct now. From his position, he could see a table supporting glasses and bottles. Walker moved into sight and bent above the table. Boardman continued to wait until drinks were mixed and distributed, then he raised the shotgun to the horizontal and walked into the living room.

Kamek and Kate saw him first. Kamek's glass, on the way to his lips, stopped sharply, and there was the faintest stir in the steel mask of his face. Kate was steeled, her glass held unswerving at the level of her breast. Walker stood apart, just accessible to the corner of Boardman's eye. It was the fourth man, Dallas, who drew most of Boardman's attention. The faint, turned to him slowly, was not restored by the writhings of selfish emotion, as it had been when Boardman saw it last. It was quiet, remarkable, held in its prepossession, held in its pherom. The eyes were dark, almost black, a little startling under hair going white. He looked fonder with a glass in his hand. Maybe he had distraction.

Boardman said, "We haven't been introduced. My name's Boardman. I was a friend of Archie Harper's."

Dallas lifted his glass and tilted it. "Oh, yes. You're the guy with a deal I've got that spot waiting for you. Also the bonus."

Boardman moved the shotgun, pointing the edge of the stock up right under his armhole. "That's light conversation. I guess. Neither you nor I believe it. The only plan you've got for me is to turn Walker in a lonely spot."

Dallas's dark eyes widened, dropping to the shotgun. He tilted his glass again, quickly. "If I had figured at that way, why all this hocus-focus? You could have intimidated and had it over with."

"I could have," Boardman purred,

# If you are a martyr to any Rheumatic Complaint

LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,  
RHEUMATISM, MIGRANITIS, NEURITIS

## MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM

WILL BRING YOU THE SAME AMAZING AND QUICK  
RELIEF IT HAS GIVEN TO THOUSANDS OF FORMER  
SUFFERERS IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

### CRIPPLED FOR FOUR YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM NOW WALKS WITHOUT STICK

"I feel so happy after suffering for years with rheumatism in my legs—I am now able to walk without a stick after using your Malign Adrenalin Cream just six weeks." Mrs. L. G. Grier, 47 Philip St., Sydney. "I am 79 years old and have told my friends the wonder your Malign Adrenalin Cream has done for me."

Are you suffering from agonizing pains of lumbago, sciatica, neuritis? Now use Malign Adrenalin Cream at once for how fast it releases you from that awful pain and misery.

Until recently, Malign Adrenalin Cream was available to the broad medical profes-

sion only. You can now buy it from any pharmacist. With every jar comes an easy-to-follow home treatment sheet which shows you the "triggers" of your body where the real root of your rheumatism lies. You simply massage the Malign Cream into the centers "trigger" spots as well as into the places where you feel the pain. Even if you have become dis-abled through years of suffering, even if you have tried other remedies in vain, use the Malign Adrenalin Cream treatment without an hour's delay. Share the relief that so many thousands of other men and women have found. Be happy in a new lease of life!

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES!

Available from Pharmacies only

©1934, B.F.

choosing with care the words he had been waiting to say. "If I had, you'd have been convicted and executed. It didn't seem right, knowing someone else have the privilege of killing you. Like I said, I was a friend of Arthur Harper's. It seemed to me a friend ought to have mercy."

Movement registered in his eye's corner, and by seeing the shotgun, the officers stopped facing his finger. The trigger of the detonation was tripped and burst back upon them by the heavy walls. Walker, his chest straddled by the charge, was dead once more.

After the first spasm of shocked reaction, no one else moved. Kate Adkins's hand was still raised to the level of her forehead, but the glass was no longer in it. Crushed by a rail, it lay in fragments at her feet in a spreading wet spot. Blood seeped from her fingers and dripped.

"You're too close to Dallas," Boardman said. "I can't control the market."

She shook her head, lips moving wordlessly in her still face, and he said harshly, "More meat!"

Again she shook her head, managing, this time, to summon voice for her working lips. Across the room, Boardman barely heard it. "No. Not for a guy playing God. Like that Liza Carraway. I've seen too much of it. It makes me sick." She pressed, looking across the room at him, and pretty soon she said, "For a guy who wanted to let the

like do in work, I'd move. For a  
guy like that, I'd move a long way  
for a long time. There's still the  
murder of the one named Harper,  
Sam."

"Sure," he said. "So what do I say when the district attorney asks me where I've been all this time?"

"You made a mistake. You've changed your mind. He's looking for a winner. He'll feel respect."

Reverend got into his eyes, weeping through his voice. "You're Dallas's girl. You've been his girl for a long time. You change like me?"

"Maybe not like so. Maybe it's been growing. And by now it's too late. You make up your mind about that."

There was nothing in her eyes but a look of quiet waiting, and for a moment he felt the ache of companionship in his finger. Then the companions relaxed, and he heard his own voice, strangely intensified, saying, "Get a coat. We'll borrow the Roadmaster."

His eyes moved, encompassing the stern grey face of Joshua Karmark. "Karmark will go with us. The District Attorney will be interested in him, too. Bringing a witness, I guess you'd call it."

Strongly, the lawyer seemed to be filled with the same pride of passive acceptance, as if the brutal demand meant no more to him than release from an intolerable confinement.

His bloodless lips moved faintly. "This is your disposal," he said.

## INTEREST – the very Source of Energy

The Pelman Course increases interest-power. Interest makes life purposeful and quickens the intelligence. It discovers the real meaning, the energy and movement, of what engages our minds, and so keeps us alert and responsive in any circumstances and in any company.

Thus, apart from its subject, interest brightens the personality. It is a continuous stream of influences, and may at any time attract the favorable attention of others whose good opinion will be helpful to us. For it can be truthfully said that the world is looking everywhere for the energy which interest-power creates and sustains.

## Pelmanism increases interest-power

Interest-power may be the cause or the effect of other qualities which determine who is to develop in the individual pupil. These qualities are:

Self-Confidence	Judgment	Social Ease
Communication	Will-Power	Initiative
Backbone	Self-Control	Observation
	and a	High-Ideal Memory

The Exercises create good habits of word and memory in place of nervous and feverish rest, and train the organism and subconscious so that every faculty will contribute its share in making a good performance of anything that has to be done.

"THE EFFICIENT MIND" section, in detail. The Foreign Office Inspectors, in addition, are regarded as such. The Foreign Office Inspectors, in addition, are regarded as such. The Foreign Office Inspectors, in addition, are regarded as such.

**New Zealand Engineering**  
The **Palmer Institute**, with the approval of the **Executive Board**, has made arrangements to attend the **Specialist Conference** and **Public Symposium** of **New Zealand** to start in the **Palmer College of Technology** without **stop** work in the **first instance** in the **Palmer Institute**.

TO THE FELMAN INSTITUTE  
El Glendower House, 608 Western Lane, Melbourne  
Fl. Please send me, free and post free, a copy of  
the Elwood Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you'd taken  
**SCHUMANN'S** this morning  
you'd be feeling much better now

# FOILED BY TIME

F. C. MARSHALL

Locked in a windowless room, the kidnapped residents still begged his captor

**MOUNTAINS** pressed on the hotel

He could feel them distinctly. For a while he had not even been able to feel. There had been only a great mass of wear, fright, and alarm, and something black, short, and straight descended toward his eyes until it seemed like a phantasm of doom growing lengthily in size. The phantasm had blotted out everything. Consciousness was extinguished.

But there had been light. Flashes, the fatal bursts of lightning sent through murky fog. Flashes outlined jagged smoking masses of rock, dark, unpenetrable, massive. Perhaps the mountains that closed them in were made of rock. Only rock could be that heavy.

A thin gleam of light split the blackness. Only this time it was not a visiting gleam. The light stayed. No matter how he strained his eyeballs behind their lids the light remained constant, steady, unswerving. Eternal as the winds on his hotel.

Could he move? A part of him was in motion. He was not dead. His heart was beating. Experimentally he tried to wriggle his toes. They drooped up and down, cramped by the shoes he wore. But they had moved.

**His body? It was not even the**

mountains approaching his head seemed to have rested themselves about his neck. Where were his arms? He could not feel them. Had they been cut off, torn away as the climax of some warped obsession?

A wave of hideous fear swept him, as the suggestion of the phrase "surgical operation" burnt on his brain like a bombshell. Trembling, he tried to sit up.

His head and shoulders came up in a swift, forward motion as, caught in the grip of panic, he suddenly started every muscle, every nerve. The split second of action toward a hundred years.

The mountains, weight and all, vanished as his arms and hands, which had been covering his eyes, fell with a thud to the floor. His eyes came open.

His race to his door on a small, brightly lit room, took a step forward, stumbled, fell length. In an instant he was again on his feet, violently shaking the man over whose prone body he had fallen.

The other came awake slowly, eyes opening with a sort of pained horror, then rapidly taking in his surroundings.

"Where are we?" The bird man  
pointed a finger at the wall.

"Blamed it I leave, blame— The  
other rose to his feet, brushed him-  
self, took a casual look at the room.

"Whoever it was got us in the car may have hidden in the back seat. Blaine rubbed the back of his head. "The last thing I can remember is someone onto Market Street. Then

"Yeah, I got it now." His companion was rubbing his head.

"Bryant!" Martin grasped his right arm violently. "The conference! It tomorrow! We've got to sign the contract. Or"—he paused—"maybe today is tomorrow." He looked at his wrist watch. It was still running. The minutes past two. They'd entered on from their office at noon. How long

Byrant looked at his own watch. He shook his head. "No telling how long it might be twelve hours, either way."

Melvin took a step toward him. "I've got you in—"

"We'll get out," the other women  
grinned. "Let's look around."

There wasn't much to look at. The room was small, possibly six feet by 11, with long, thin windows. Its ceiling was low, no more than eight feet from the floor. The only break in the concrete walls was a metal door at one end of the room's length. One look at the door convinced both men of its futility of trying to break through without tools. Solid, of the regulation fireproof type, its hinges were on the other side. There was no handle on each side.

The light in the onyx burned a  
They were grateful for it. Without  
both knew they might have gone and  
Time passed slowly, heavily. Hany  
began to grow on them. A pink to  
hold of Bryant. At first root, then  
sweated, he began to edge, stir, re-  
over to himself.

Only his voice broke the silence. There was no other sound. As the passed, something else in the room started to oppress Martin. He had a hunch what it was, an even bigger

## FILL THE GAPS IN YOUR TRAINING

No one goes into a job perfectly prepared. Success at later work spans will show up. The successful ones are quick to reevaluate them and fit in the gaps. I.C.S. can help you get whatever training you need to ensure real security. The simple, up-to-the-minute I.C.S. home-study courses are prepared by experts. Your instructor is a specialist. You study at leisure—no time to waste, no books to buy.

The first step thousands of successful men and women took was to mail this coupon. Send NOW for YOUR free study guide.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**144 Elizabeth, Margaret, Sydney.**

1972: Winkfield Rd., Wallingford

Figure 1 consists of two bar charts. The left chart is titled 'All respondents' and the right chart is titled 'Respondents who have been to a protest in the last 12 months'. Both charts show the percentage of respondents for four levels of agreement with the statement 'The government should do more to protect the environment'. The y-axis represents the percentage of respondents, ranging from 0 to 100. The x-axis represents the level of agreement: Strongly agree, Somewhat agree, Somewhat disagree, and Strongly disagree.

Level of Agreement	All respondents (%)	Respondents who have been to a protest in the last 12 months (%)
Strongly agree	~65	~75
Somewhat agree	~25	~20
Somewhat disagree	~8	~5
Strongly disagree	~2	~0

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

[illegible]

**Abstract**


<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/>

100%
 100%

100

1001-1005-1009-1013

As the hands on both their watches showed five o'clock, the lights went

His hands showed in a flash.  
"Do you know where you are?" The words came thickly through the mask, some muffled by layers of cloth. A

The soft glow of evening fell upon the flight of steps that led down to the basement in which he had been imprisoned and hatched his escape plan. Then softly and rubbing

JACK ELWOOD, Dept. C9,  
Box 3444, G.P.O., Sydney.

Publication Number 1094

Nobody ever got the better of Judas Ray Breen, although one convicted criminal let out from his Jersey City courtroom in Langley, Texas, thinking he had done so. Tom Wender, caught red-handed with a printing press and a stock of counterfeit dollars, was jailed, but managed to wiggle his freedom by slipping five hundred dollars to the night party. Not until the guilty man was well out of the state did the arrested juror examine the bribe and realize that he himself was a victim of the counterfeiter. But he did not lose by it. By Judge Breen's judicial order of that week, the only legal tender acceptable in Langley was counterfeit money!

#### The Winner of MAN'S STORY CONTEST was announced!

From hundreds of entries in the national MAN'S STORY CONTEST, the editors of MAN have selected the Peter Wender Story!

You can now read the Wender Story of how willing he did his job — alone before have three dozen criminals been freed — with such jobs passed. Included in the SEPTEMBER issue of MAN will be a picture of the winning reader's illustration.

"DEATH WAS MY  
SKIPPER!"

A dramatic story of human endurance as hard as any you have ever read! You can't afford to miss this kind of adventure at once!

ORDER YOUR COPY OF

# MAN

FOR SEPTEMBER NOW, 2/8

CAVALCADE September 1934

head. Martin walked up the steps, emerged onto a well-known and busy street corner in a residential neighborhood and hailed a taxi. Missing the time by a clock on a street window he was hurrying downtown to make an appointment he had almost missed.

That evening at his and Bryant's club, Martin surveyed the circle of men who sat about the large table in one of the establishment's famous private chambers.

They were his partners now, he reflected, for better or worse, in a giant enterprise created just in time to save him from ruin. All partners, Jackson, the city's greatest banker, Hopkins, wealthy industrialist, Bryant, his own business partner who had separately managed to escape from an adjoining cell shortly after Martin trapped their captor in the original cell. Goldwater, amateur research director, Schneider, efficient physician, and Fowens, least known of the group, experienced, supplied with money by one known whose firm.



Martin in a cigarette, looked on as from his lapel. For some moments now the assembled company had been waiting for him to speak.

Schneider poured himself a glass of water from the carafe on the table, "Well?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Someone in this room is a criminal, a kidnapper," Martin's eyes shifted purposely about the circle of faces. "Bryant and I were removed to keep us from saying this. I know it has to be one of us, for only in this group could such the necessary motives."

"It's very simple, really. Bryant and I were dragged from the back seat of my car. We woke up in the place we told you about. It was a very silent place. The man who kidnapped us told me that the room was twenty stories above the ground. That was mainly a lie. The walls were damp, not wet, but damp enough to have to be located underground. Although nothing could be heard, the vibration of passing trucks shook the walls. Not noticeably, not obviously. That's why I know that beyond the firebox lay a street and people.

"And your kidnapper?" Fowens was pointed.

"He had a motive—a good one. He kept the conference for many days by keeping me a prisoner, making it necessary at last to go on without my signature would have ruined me, without running him. A lot of money was involved. Millions, as you all know.

"There is of course only one such man. He was in that room with me and he hadn't been there more than two minutes before I knew who he was, knew because something about him identified him immediately. His confidence had brought me there. It was he who opened the door after Bryant and I last awakened."

Schneider thoughtfully knitted when from his eyes. "You know your kidnapper?"

Martin smiled grimly. "Let's say

# EXIT BODY ODOURS

(AND BAD BREATH, TOO  
—especially alcoholic breath!)

## Take ENZODE

### CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

STAY FRESH ALL OVER! ALL DAY!

No matter how hot the day, how stuffy the room, what time of the month—be as fresh as though you had stepped right out of a shower. Enzode protects you all day off even. Be sure—take Enzode Chlorophyll Tablets.

**2/7 PER PACKET**  
EXTRA ECONOMY SIZE 7/10  
AT ALL CHEMISTS

ENZO-DE

CAVALCADE, September, 1934 93



# "HI, NEIGHBOUR!"



Are YOU a good neighbour?  
You CAN be a good neighbour now!  
The Publishers of  
**HOUSE AND GARDEN** present:

*Australian*  
**homemaker**

For your satisfaction have enjoyed reading and saving in their friends and neighbours' **Australian HOUSE AND GARDEN** services. Now the Publishers of **HOUSE AND GARDEN** give you a **NEW** magazine — designed for today's home planner, who reads:

## BEAUTY AND A BUDGET TOO!

**Australian HOMEMAKER** offers new ideas, new methods of economy, building and planning and new ways of solving home problems. YOU'LL ENJOY THESE FEATURES:

### SMALL GARDEN LAYOUTS

Why not double your garden into flower and vegetable plots and make each one work as a unit? Your friends will remark on their well-planned arrangement!

### A ROOM FOR 1931

With 1931 and a lot of innovation, a bathroom, get designed for two rooms, a bathroom using sliding doors, and original ideas, which you can copy!

### IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

#### THREE UNITS FOR £211

You can make a coffee table, a two-piece sideboard with drawers and cupboards, fittings from the article in **Australian HOMEMAKER**!

#### SET KITCHEN COLOURS!

With a pot of paint, and a brush of you (or a friend or neighbour) YOU can give an old kitchen a NEW look!

*Australian*  
**homemaker** 2/-

rather than I knew the man who paid him to do his work—the second man in the room, the man with the mask. He was the real criminal. Deceived in a momentary act, startled, absolutely designed beyond recognition, except for one thing, his watch."

Across the table neighbour hands poured a glass of water, dropped a pellet within the glass, unobserved. Martin's voice went on, incessantly.

The room was silent. But there were sounds. My breathing. His. The tick of that watch sounded louder of all. And I knew what it was when I'd heard in the second time—a big, old-fashioned dollar watch, the kind one of us men have occasionally.

"A watch worn in the vest pocket of a man who had been with me in that room once before. A man who was an hour and a half late for the conference, because I locked him in the concrete room. He couldn't get out until his binding had come and enabled him to change back in the clothes he wore when he'd attached himself out beside the flying screen, unnoticed. He'd had a gun too, a .38."

Martin plucked a lead slug from a vest pocket and threw it down on the table.

"His hand shot, the one that steadied the light bulb fell into my coat pocket when I had lit the ceiling. You all know who was the watch I've described, but only I know who owns a .38 pistol on a person. It should be fairly easy to check the goings-on the day it had surrounded the gun-room. As for the watch, you can have a making right now, even in this room, if you listen hard enough."

My hand fell forward. His eyes, bulging with the poison he'd drunk, stared indolently in the glare of death. Then the body slipped sideways and dropped like a sack of wet flour. As it hit the floor a shiny object spun from a vest pocket and clattered.

A dollar watch.

# MEN!

## New PEP and VIGOUR for you

Feeling tired? Can't sleep? Lost your ability to work and play? No interest in the opposite sex? Worried and troubled by fears of the future? YOU may be suffering from lack of the essential elements that control your vitality and manhood.

**HIG MAM** replaces these elements, brings back your natural energy and virility, enables you to enjoy life's thrilling experiences again. Tens of thousands of men throughout Australia have proved the effectiveness of this genuine treatment that is safe, sure, and last in its action. **PROVE IT YOURSELF FIRST!**

## FREE SAMPLE

Just tear this out, send with your name and address and a complete and full details will be returned to you in a plain wrapper without obligation. **FREE and POST FREE.**

## A. B. WARD & CO.

Dept. C.42, Box 1111, G.F.O.,  
SYDNEY



# QUICK TIPS

THERE are simple but definite rules for good health. Early to bed, good food, fresh air and exercise will give you the plus de vive. Trouble with the lady to bed rule is that it makes a girl pretty, popular and keeps a man out of circulation. It may make a man fresh but a dumb guy often gets his face slapped with regard to exercise, most people are always in good shape. That is understandable, some people have no moving parts to get out of order.

Many a woman who thinks she bought a gown at a ridiculous price, bought it for an absurd figure. You have seen women wearing slacks. When a woman shows up in slacks, she certainly does.

But the difference between face and figure is a woman's glads.

Women are always trying to look slender, but no matter how some girls reduce themselves they'll never be huggable.

Some keep their beauty for years, but no matter how well a woman carries her years, she's bound to drop a few sooner or later.

When a woman dreams to kill, in age to be by exposure. Dots, the fashion designer is a man who has

women in the palm of his hand, although he could not be called a handsome man. Sometimes prove that since he introduced short skirts three have been 30 per cent. fewer accidents. Why not go a step further and eliminate workmen entirely?

Which reminds us, we were passing a shop window the other day and saw a sign "Girls Ready To Wear Glasses." We think so about now.

Another store had its display window unadorned. In the window were four nude female dummies. The caption on this unadorned window display read "Proper stars for your honeymoon."

You know, it takes very little to please a man who tells a girl he admires her looking sick. But, jokes aside, a girl should wear just enough clothes to keep a man warm.

Mention of bathing suits naturally reminds one of beauty contests. A contest of this nature is very like a tennis match, only, instead of going from right to left, the heads of the swimmers go up and down.

Like the chap who was asked if he liked bathing beauties. He replied: "I don't know, I never bathed any."

## FREE BOOKS ON DANCING

SEND COUPON for  
FREE BOOK  
"DANCING AS A  
FINE ART"

This book will show you how others have learned dancing at home in privacy, without music or partners, quickly and easily.

Now you can feel this wonderful pleasure in dancing yourself—try this unique method in your own home and in 30 days you have not become an expert dancer, you are popular and sought after. If **IT DOESN'T YOU NOTHING!**—and you're serious, but you must hurry! This offer may never be repeated. Please send no money—no check—no money, all you have to do is fill in the coupon NOW!



GOOD Dancers are sought out by  
Members of the OPPOSITE SEX.  
WHICH ONE  
REPRESENTS YOU?



NON-DANCERS MISS OUT  
ON ALL THE FUN

### SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

It does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years, to dance. The famous **ROSETT** system, the system that has stood the test for 25 years, guarantees to make an accomplished dancer in just 30 days — **OR IT DOESN'T YOU NOTHING!** — it will teach you all the latest dances—New Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, Jitterbug, etc.—together with Modern, Old-Time. The **Rosett System** never fails—you have the French Dancing Academy's guarantee.

The ability to dance well will impart a certain grace and assurance of manner which people cannot help admiring — if you would be popular, sought after, invited to all the social functions, then you must learn to be a graceful dancer.

The stay-at-home, stick-in-the-mud, well-to-do is passed unnoticed, ignored and unhappy. Here is the opportunity of a lifetime to become interesting and fun to be popular.

#### POST COUPON

FRENCH DANCING ACADEMY

Studio 24, 23-24-25 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Dear Sir, Please send FREE Book "DANCING AS A FINE ART." I enclose \$1.00 in stamps.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CAM 1-10-54

# The De Luxe Suit . . .

*that is ideal for every wear—  
everywhere*

This attractive Double-breasted Suit is pre-tailored from our exclusive pure wool Crusader Cloth—the famous Worsted that is guaranteed never to fade or shrink.

Your exact fitting is ready for your choosing in either a rich Navy Blue or in that brighter Crusader Blue that many younger men prefer. No man's wardrobe is complete without a navy suit, and this is a suit you will be proud and happy to possess.

*Available from your favorite Suits Store.*



ASK FOR

**Stamina**

**D·B Suits**

**TAILORED FROM CRUSADER CLOTH**